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LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES are, as we all know, "toasted." Many of us have also read, in the advertisements, that 6,000 doctors recommend them. Unless this paragraph discourages Lord & Thomas and Logan, advertising agents for "Luckies," we may soon learn that dentists also urge their use. At any rate, some thousands of dentists have received from this firm of counsellors on public relations a carton of one hundred Lucky Strikes, free of charge. With them went a letter stating that "a good many dentists are recommending Lucky Strikes," a ready-stamped envelope, and a questionnaire card, as follows:

1. *In your judgment (where proper care is taken of the teeth, including scientific cleaning at regular intervals) does smoking tend to inhibit the progress of dental decay?*
2. *Do you think (from scientific deduction or from your own experience with Lucky Strike cigarettes) that the toasting process used in the manufacture of Lucky Strike cigarettes serves to remove all harshness and consequently to make them non-irritating to the sensitive mucuous membrane of the mouth and gums?*

Name .....State .....

Street .....City .....

The letter adds:

> We certainly have no purpose to publish any testimonials and our reputation for integrity must be your assurance that your identity will be preserved in confidence by us, and that your name will not at any time be published.

With this assurance of anonymity doubtless many dentists signed on the dotted line and smoked their hundred Luckies with serene assurance that they were thereby inhibiting dental if not moral decay. We submit it as a sample of modern scientific advertising methods.

RUTH McCORMICK is another American we like. She chooses to run for Congressman-at-large in Illinois against the henchmen of Governor Len Small; and we bet on her to win. She happens to be a daughter of Mark Hanna and the widow of the late Senator Medill McCormick, but fortunately she is not running for office as a widow. The sentimental appeal of the widow for her husband's office seems to have become a settled part of the blah of American politics, but there is no respect for women in it. The politicians do not renominate the widows after one mournful term, and if they do the voters do not elect them. The whole tradition belongs to the same school of newspaper thought which greeted with surprise the announcement of a Cornell scientist that women's brains could be as large as men's and treated it as first-page news. Mrs. McCormick belongs to another school. She has in Illinois an organization of Republican women voters which is one of the few politically effective organizations of women in the United States—and it is her own creation. She asks for votes not in order to commemorate her husband but in order to smash a corrupt politician, and she has a demonstrated personal ability to offer as a substitute. She seems in a fair way to prove what the many estimable women who have sat in Congress and in governors' chairs have not yet done—that a woman can beat men at their own game of politics.

"AL" SMITH and his managers persuaded the New York State Democratic convention not to indorse him for President now because they thought that in the long run it might hurt the campaign to nominate him. And the Republican bosses persuaded their equally well-managed convention not to indorse Charles Evans Hughes because they were afraid they might want to change their minds later. Neither party dared peep about prohibition, although the delegates probably discussed it among themselves even more than they discussed Presidential possibilities. These conventions are an instructive comment upon the apathy the voters showed in the previous week's primaries. Why shouldn't they be apathetic, when the bosses are so afraid

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of an issue or a man or of any clean-cut, honest statement on a controversial question? Philadelphia voters trooped to the polls to nominate Boss Vare's white-washing crew, and even the prospect of an independent campaign in the regular election, with a nonpartisan-ticket campaigning for common honesty, does not seem to alarm Pennsylvania's Senator-elect. Only in Rochester, New York, did independent voting prevail, and there it was supported and heavily financed by George Eastman, the millionaire manufacturer, who in his seventies has turned from kodaks and big-game-hunting to city management and municipal reform.

LITTLE TEDDY ROOSEVELT is unlucky. His plans to blow himself along his father's trail seem doomed always to go awry. His wild abuse of "Al" Smith at the Republican State Convention missed fire even on the day of its utterance, and now proves a boomerang. "A man must be judged by the company he keeps," said Roosevelt. "Next to being corrupt yourself is tolerating it in your supporters." Two days later a nonpartisan committee of high distinction, headed by Dr. Haven Emerson, made public a long and detailed report charging a whole series of acts of malfeasance against Mrs. Florence Knapp, former New York State Secretary of State, who was young Roosevelt's associate on the 1924 Republican ticket. George K. Morris, Republican State chairman, is also heavily tarred by the exposure. "A man must be judged by the company he keeps." Quite so.

"KASH FROM THE KLANSMEN" has long been the war-cry of Ku Klux Klan officials, and now that the Klan is engaged in exposing itself, particularly in Pennsylvania, we learn from affidavits signed by Kleagles and Klaliffs that Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans has pocketed a considerable portion of the half billion dollars that has been raised by Klan memberships and other fees during the past few years. The Imperial Klan, which evidently means Evans, has a neat system of mulcting the gullible: first by gaining new members and charging them an initiation fee of ten dollars and subsequent fees in proportion, second by revoking charters of Klan locals and appropriating the funds in their treasuries. From time to time business has been slow, new members have been hard to find, and in circumstances such as these the real business acumen of Evans and his associates has come to the fore. It was a simple matter to instigate a riot, to manufacture a lynching, to stage a kidnaping, in order to make it seem that American womanhood and white race supremacy were in danger. This the Klan did; one of its most successful riots —according to the charges now being investigated—took place at Carnegie, Pennsylvania, in 1923. There one Klansman was killed and many wounded, which resulted in 25,000 new members at ten dollars a head. We cannot work up much sympathy for the 25,000 victims of this swindle; but it is devoutly to be hoped that they will learn not only how not to be swindled out of their money, but how not to be gulled by false patriotism and race hatred.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS of Gary, Indiana, have gone far to make us doubt our favorite doctrine that youth is always right. In Indiana youth may, on the contrary, be in the Ku Klux Klan. Nearly 1,200 students walked out of the Emerson High School in Gary in protest against the presence in the school of nineteen Negroes. For a time the authorities stood firm: if the boys and girls of Gary were ready to forego their high-school education for the sake of bigotry and prejudice, at least there were the Negroes willing to be taught. But the strike went on, and the authorities faltered. The strike committee conferred with the mayor, and together they drew up a petition to the City Council. In response to this petition the Council has appropriated $15,000 for a temporary school building to accommodate the Negro students, and the white students have generously consented to attend classes on the following terms: Three Negroes who are seniors and have attended the school for several years may remain and finish their studies; three others are to be transferred to another high school with a large Negro enrolment; the rest will apparently wait for the new $15,000 school. Three Negro members of the City Council voted against the appropriation for this school; in order to shove the measure through the Council abrogated its own rule requiring a three-quarter majority vote on any emergency measure. Ultimately a "million-dollar all-Negro school" is promised. When that is built, Gary will doubtless feel it has wholly sustained the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Meanwhile, wouldn't it be well to change the name of the Emerson High School to something more appropriate—such as the Hiram Wesley Evans School for Protestant Evangelical Nordics?

SOMETIMES MILITARY MEN are astute and then again one might call them almost subtle. The *Round-Up*, for example, a paper which expresses the journalistic ambitions of New Mexico State College students, prints the following alluring invitation:

> Advanced R. O. T. C. pays. Whether you juniors believe in military training or not, if you are in need of money you had better take the course. The compensation is nine dollars a month. Besides this, a thirty-six-dollar uniform is given to the advanced student. . . . Some claim that the summer camp is a disadvantage. True they get only seventy cents a day, with board, room, and clothing; but most of them make considerable from the transportation appropriation, which is five cents a mile.

This nine-dollars-a-month bait may work well enough in New Mexico, but obviously the sons of bankers and successful soap manufacturers who attend Yale demand more. Accordingly the military department in New Haven maintains a stable of polo ponies for the artillery students, and thirty-six-dollar uniforms are replaced by snappy tailor-made officers' outfits. The Yale *Daily News* presents the further sagacious argument:

> "Why learn to be a soldier?" [it says] is a perfectly natural question that comes into the mind of a Freshman when he is debating whether or not he should take R. O. T. C. . . . If he is serious about the matter he may feel that four years training in the field artillery would benefit him little in a bond selling career. . . . Letting alone the desire of the government to build up an organized reserve, there remains the fact that this military training gives a man one of the finest preparations for a profession or business that can be found at Yale.

INDUSTRIAL STRIFE in America seems to have reached a stage wherein the main participants are the federal courts and organized labor, the employers politely withdrawing into the background. The most recent example is the injunction granted by federal Judge Schoonmaker

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against picketing by the Pittsburgh miners. More serious in principle, however, is the injunction handed down by federal Judge W. I. Grubb in New York against the Journeymen Stone Cutters' Association of North America. The 5,000 members of the stone-cutters' union are enjoined from their customary practice of refusing to work on non-union stone imported into the metropolitan district. Such a decision destroys the trade-union principle of never working on "scab" material. A similar issue arose last June in the fight of the Bedford Stone Company of Indiana upon the Journeymen Stone Cutters' Association. The United States Supreme Court there decided that the refusal of union men to work on material cut by non-union labor constituted a "conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce," Justice Brandeis dissenting in an opinion which stated that "the propriety of the union's conduct can hardly be doubted by one who believes in the organization of labor." Newspaper reports hail the New York injunction as "a great victory for the government." To us such a "victory," virtually crippling organized labor, seems a disaster.

HINDENBURG IS EIGHTY, president of the German Republic, and a mighty warrior. There is something in the massive figure of the dour old man that commands respect and excites enthusiasm. His lieutenant, Ludendorff, stumbles in a bog of race prejudice and party politics; others of his fellow-generals eat out their days in lonely recollection; Hindenburg alone has succeeded in maintaining himself above party yet indisputably contemporaneous. He was the demigod of the Kaiser's Germany, yet he survived the shattering of idols in the days that followed the armistice. When Wilhelm fled to Holland and Ludendorff escaped in disguise, Hindenburg remained. After his fashion he has adapted himself to the republic and accepted the new regime. One may disagree with his philosophy and doubt the wisdom of his speeches, but one knows that his acts arise out of something far beyond personal ambition or party scheming. He represents and expresses German nationalism, German patriotism, at its dangerous best, and it is fitting and natural that in these dull aftermath-days the German crowds should find an outlet for their long repression in celebrating his birthday.

WHO IS JOHN COOLIDGE? To what public office has he been elected or appointed? All we know about John is that he is a student in Amherst College and happens to be a son of the President of the United States. And yet we read that he has arrived in Amherst for his senior year "accompanied by a young secret-service man." In the name of Beelzebub, why? We heard first of this secret-service man last year and hoped by now that he had been returned to some legitimate work—or is there such an army of these men that no legitimate work can be found for them all? We can't think of a shadow of a reason why John should need a watchdog or, if he does, why Calvin Coolidge shouldn't pay for it out of his own pocket as any other father would. Are we to wind up by charging the American people for a nurse for Calvin Coolidge's fourth cousin's baby girl Gwendolen or a veterinary for his wife's great aunt's pet poodle Trixie?

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the plans for the second season of the Civic Repertory Theater signalizes the success of one of the most remarkable theatrical enterprises undertaken in New York City. Miss Le Gallienne's company based its appeal upon nothing except interesting plays well produced. Housed in an old and remote theater on Fourteenth Street and surrounded by no smart or fashionable atmosphere, it attracted an audience generally said by theatrical managers to be non-existent—an audience, that is to say, which preferred serious plays seriously produced to any of the extraneous attractions of Broadway. Miss Le Gallienne held, moreover, more consistently to the repertory idea than any other New York organization has done in many years. Not only did she produce and keep alive a number of plays during a whole season, but she will carry six of them over into the present winter. Despite the gloomy prophecies amid which she began, her organization bids fair to become one of the most firmly established as well as one of the most interesting in New York.

STEFAN GEORGE is the first German writer to receive the Goethe Prize of 10,000 marks, offered by the Common Council of Frankfurt-am-Main for work best representing in modern times the spirit and dignity of the author who made Frankfurt immortal in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit." As long as there must be literary awards, and apparently they increase in number around the world, this seems to us one of the more justifiable kinds. To be sure, it tends to obscure the recipient by placing another name than his in the foreground, and by lending him a kind of historical identity. But it emphasizes that principle of continuity which informs any vital literature, and if it is intelligently administered year by year—which of course there is always a chance it will not be—it need not provoke thoughts of the dead hand which the past is supposed to hold ever ready to descend upon living artists. No really living writer ever got along without the past—or the present either. It is only to be hoped that the administrators of the Goethe Prize continue to interpret this truth with imagination and courage.

NEWS COMES from London of the recent and sudden death in London of Walter Fuller. He was, during the years of his work in this country, inevitably connected with every valiant intellectual impulse and enterprise. First with the *World Tomorrow* and later with the *Freeman*, he added to his functions as editor a creative touch very like magic, bringing life and humor and individuality to dull men and prosy articles. In 1917 when Morris Hillquit polled 145,000 votes for mayor of New York, Walter Fuller flung a rare sort of political imagination into the dust of the campaign. He saw possibilities other men missed; he invented jokes, he created situations. Wherever he was, new meanings sprang out of commonplace situations. Our liberal cause lost much when he went back to England, his home. His work there has been varied; but for some time before his death he was editor of the *Radio Times*, organ of the great official British Broadcasting Company. A London dispatch to the Manchester *Guardian* says of him:

> He was one of the first English journalists to realize the importance of wireless for education and entertainment, and in the radio world there was no more vivacious and resourceful worker. . . The opportunities of radio stimulated and absorbed him. He overflowed with ideas for the educational programs, in which department for a time his work lay, and he made a very competent and effective job of the *Radio Times*.

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The Navy and Army Waste

REAR ADMIRAL MAGRUDER has rendered a service to the navy and the government to entitle him to a D.S.M. if only he has hit hard enough to compel the Navy Department, or better Congress, to act. The waste and extravagance of which he complains in the *Saturday Evening Post* have always been inseparable from our naval and military administrations. There has never been a time in our knowledge when an efficient civilian administrator like Owen D. Young could not have gone into either department and saved millions upon millions of dollars, provided he were given a free hand by the politicians and the ruling cliques in the Navy and War Departments. For this situation it is only fair to say that the Navy and Army officers are only partly to blame. The responsibility is even more that of Congress and the Executive. Next to the Post Office the Navy Department has always received the worst Cabinet deals from the several Presidents. While the Post Office has been used as a roosting-place for the professional politician who successfully steered the campaign of the incumbent of the White House, the Navy Department has been decorated with a succession of misfits, lawyers, society favorites like George Von L. Meyer, incompetents like Denby (whom the Supreme Court of the United States has declared highly censurable), or unhappy bunglers like the present secretary, who was taken off the Supreme Court of California to put his foot into it whenever he could, by public utterances such as his cruel castigation of two of the lost Pacific flyers for sending an S.O.S. signal before they were actually dead.

The greatest scandal of the navy has, however, been the maintenance of the navy yards by the politicians. Rear Admiral Magruder points out that there are seven navy yards doing the work that three or four could accomplish. From the beginning of the republic this scandal has been going on and nobody has ever been able to stop it. New yards have constantly been built like those at Charleston, S. C., and Port Royal and Bremerton, Washington, for purely political reasons, just as during the nineties any Senator could get from Congress a brick barracks for his pet city. Thus Senator Proctor of Vermont obtained an appropriation for a cavalry post near Burlington, climatically one of the worst places in the United States for mounted troops—on the excuse that we had to watch the Canadian border!—and Senator Carter of Montana worked a bill through to give him a regimental station at Helena, Montana, which has no military value whatever. When the Democrats were in, the Southern yards profited; when the Republicans control the Treasury, the Northern and Western navy yards flourish. In one of these yards the only vessel repaired during the last fiscal year was a tug.

Now Admiral Magruder points out that the Navy's high officers have realized the folly of this but have considered themselves powerless to abandon the useless navy yards because of pressure from politicians. The Admiral rightly points out that this is no excuse; that they could refuse to send ships and men to the needless yards, and at least make some saving in that way. From end to end of the naval service he points out extravagances and incredible waste. An airplane carrier about to go into commission is to have sixty-two typewriters, and presumably that number of clerks to keep the typewriters going! He shows that the cost of the Navy has risen since 1908 from $82,000,000 to $300,000,000, for which he says the United States gets a $200,000,000 navy. We should lower that latter figure a good deal, but we entirely agree with the Admiral when he says that "the truth is that they are spending money like hell and getting little for it." We believe that if a general could be found with the courage of a Colonel Mitchell to tell the truth about the rest of the army as Admiral Magruder has told it about the navy, there would be a similar showing of hundreds of millions of dollars wasted.

Here are some of the facts which Admiral Magruder has brought out: The number of officers has risen from 2,204 in 1908 to 8,574 in 1925, although this covers the period since the Washington Disarmament Conference, after which we put an end to our battleship-building and destroyed thousands of tons of seagoing vessels. In the same time the number of men has risen from 38,500 to 82,000, and the pay of the navy from $24,000,000 to $124,500,000. Meanwhile, and this is highly significant, the number of officers on duty in Washington has risen from 146 to 519—that is where the lobbying is done, where the fortunate inside clique which rules by favoritism, toadying, politics, and petticoats has its seat; where one falls over needless admirals. There are now fifty-five active rear-admirals, for whom of course there do not exist the necessary commands, so that one vice-admiral now commands a light cruiser and six destroyers, and another four fuel-supply and repair ships and five tugs!

Fifteen admirals took part in the maneuvers in 1926, although there was no fleet to warrant such an overhead of commanders. The truth is that the fleet was never demobilized after the World War, and that the navy itself has continued the utterly extravagant methods introduced during the war, when the motto in all the departments of the government was "hang the expense." It is over-organized afloat and ashore; it keeps useless ships in commission and good ships out of commission; it is honeycombed with inefficiency, waste, extravagance, and red tape. The naval officers cannot free themselves from the responsibility for this. If the General Board would devote itself to problems like this instead of scheming to get larger appropriations out of Congress and planning for coming wars with Japan and Great Britain, we should get reforms in plenty, worthwhile economies, and a more efficient fleet. But they like the present situation because it means more fuss and feathers, more rank, more display, more influence, more quarterdecks to parade, more projection of their personalities upon the screen of our political and official life.

Secretary Wilbur has been wise not to yield to the clamor for a court martial for Admiral Magruder's "traitorous" articles. But his order that the Admiral work out a plan for the entire reorganization of the navy is both tricky and puerile. The Admiral has outlined any number of reforms in his article; if Secretary Wilbur should act on them he would win the thanks of the country, make himself a respectable figure in the Cabinet, and find enough to do for the rest of his term in office to keep him from chiding desperate aviators for calling for help.

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Literature and Tradition

NO one who looks over lists of books announced by publishers these days can help being struck by the number of reprints he finds there. It is not merely that the classics are being rendered popularly available at a rate hitherto unknown. That process, after all, is well over a hundred years old, and was quite familiar to the Victorian reader. As we have our Everyman's Library and our World's Classics, he had his Morley's Universal Library and his Cassell's National Library; and if it is of Greek and Roman works that one is thinking, there was Bohn's Classical Library long before the Loeb Classical Library was dreamed of. We refer rather to the demand for old books off the beaten path—old books, it may be, merely because they are old books. The last few years have seen an astonishing development in the business of type facsimiles—that is, volumes reproducing as perfectly as possible the appearance and flavor of, say, a first edition of Gray or Collins of Akenside or Shenstone or George Herbert or Henry Vaughan or Michael Drayton. And it would seem in general that all past literature, British and otherwise, is being ransacked for unique, reprintable items. It is fashionable, if one can afford it, to be a subscriber to the Dove or the Nonesuch or the Golden Cockerell press.

This can mean a variety of things. It can mean simply that in an age of many books there is an audience for the antiquarian as well as for the new. Many of the reprints at any rate are so attractive to the hand and eye that they may be said to have the value of any beautiful object whatever. Or it can be made to mean that a novel form of decadence has beset us—that, losing the blind urge which drives creative artists in the healthiest periods of production, we have become tired of creation and have begun to sit back easily in the cool company of ancestors who knew nothing of our problems, and who, though they had problems of their own, did once for all settle them. T. S. Eliot's recent complaint that British fiction more and more loses contact with current realities may, then, have a connection with the circumstance that the advertising columns of the London *Times* literary supplement are regularly emblazoned with descriptions of exquisite revivals of half-forgotten works; or with the fact that the Oxford University Press has come to many readers to stand for expensive editions more than anything else. In the United States the movement started a little later than it did in England; but here too we have our "libraries" and "bookshelves" conceived in the interest of the American literary past. Here also the charge is brought that the creative impulse which freshened our letters a decade or more ago has at last been spent.

But it may not be necessary to use the word "decadence" in this connection. There is still another explanation of the tendency we have been describing. Into some of the best criticism of the last few years has been creeping the word "tradition"—a word very much frowned upon in the heyday of our "renaissance," and a word, to be sure, which only the ablest critics ever seem able to use without making fools of themselves. It was folly, for instance, that inspired the enemies of free verse to attack it some years ago merely because it was new; or that moved some of the deans of American letters to shudder in print at the novelties achieved by our subtlest story-tellers. There is today, however, a school of critics who appeal to tradition in a fashion that is worthy of respectful attention. T. S. Eliot, who consistently attacks the generation of Shaw and Wells, does so because in his opinion that generation cared nothing for the discipline without which art is seldom achieved. It was generous and loose and free, he says, and perhaps magnificent in its impulses. But it sacrificed the letter to the spirit; whereas, insists Mr. Eliot, "the spirit killeth and the letter giveth life." An understanding of this apparent parodox—perhaps it is a paradox only to those old-fashioned folk who believe in the perfectibility of man—would involve an understanding of the whole intellectualist movement which Mr. Eliot represents both for England and for America. And it would help anyone to understand further why the sternest critics we have—and the most insistent upon contemporaneity—are most aware of the importance of all that has happened to literature in the past. The current realities which Mr. Eliot cannot find in current fiction are the realities of a new life, a new society, a new psychology which the utopianism, the optimism of our now aging prophets somehow fail to control. Mr. Eliot and his school may be very wrong—may be only reading their own special thoughts into the intellectual structure of the age. But there they are, and they need their literary ancestors about them as they work.

The Courtship of Chiang

CHIANG KAI-SHEK, having resigned as generalissimo of the Chinese Nationalist armies, has engaged in a more congenial campaign. He is suing for the hand of Mei-ling Soong, Wellesley, '15. Miss Soong, the cables report—and who would doubt a cable from China?—is willing; but her sister, Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, graduate of Georgia Wesleyan, and her brother, T. V. Soong, Harvard '15, and her brother-in-law, Sun Fo, once of Columbia University, and her other brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, erstwhile of Oberlin College, object. They have all been associated with the Hankow Government, against which Chiang fought; and they seem to believe that in China, as in dynastic Europe, marriages should continue to partake of the color of politics.

Yet Chiang has gone to Japan to win the consent of Mrs. Soong, and doubtless the spectacle of the ardent general reverently traveling abroad to seek a parent's permission will soften the heart even of a mother of Harvard, Wellesley, and Georgia Wesleyan graduates. Chiang has been too conservative in politics to suit the men of Hankow; but in marriage he goes the limit of modernism. He has divorced his first wife—which is more than Dr. Sun did before he married the beautiful lady who is now in exile in Moscow; he has freed his concubines, which is action unusual in a Chinese general; and he has taken the utterly unprecedented step of appearing publicly as a suitor before he has been accepted. It is many a century since a Chinese leader has appeared in a role so humiliating to the male—and it is a sign that along with China's other revolutions has gone a revolution in the status of woman.

Chiang Kai-shek is close to forty, and his only foreign schooling was in Japan, where marriage customs are as conservative as in China; oddly, it is the foreign-trained young men and women of the Soong, Kung, and Sun tribes who are objecting to a marriage based solely upon the love of the two parties principally concerned. Every foreign-trained

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young man or woman in China has faced the same dilemma. Should they marry as their hearts bade them, according to the code learned in the West, or let their parents pick their mates, according to the immemorial custom of China? Many a girl student has flung herself into the rivers of China when family pressure put an end to a college romance. More than one of the young leaders best known abroad bears the wounds of the struggle that ended when he decided that his usefulness in China would be finished if he did not obey his parents' wishes. A Chinese statesman, well known in Europe as a cultured modern, recently sent an intermediary to propose marriage to a girl whom he had met at a foreigner's home, saying that he could not lose face by appearing in person until he was certain of success.

Many stories are told in China of the courtship of Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general." This much at least is fact: Feng wanted a "modern" woman as his second wife, and was impressed by stories of the talents of a Y. W. C. A. secretary. He sought to make her acquaintance, but she, faithful to old codes, refused, and it was by a ruse that he succeeded in meeting her at the home of a foreign missionary. And it was only after he had made a whole series of pledges of conduct different from that customary in a Chinese husband that he won his present bride.

Feng's wife was a graduate of Yenching, an American mission college; but Mei-ling Soong passed years in the United States. She knows the West; she has contributed good verse to American periodicals; she can be as tart-tongued as any Yankee flapper; and the generalissimo Chiang can hardly have been the first to ask her mother's permission. Her Georgia-trained sister had much to do with Dr. Sun's success in his later years; it will be interesting to see whether a Wellesley wife, unorthodoxly wooed, can coach Chiang Kai-shek back to leadership in China.

Faster Atlantic Liners?

AGAIN the project for a faster transatlantic service has been mooted. This time the proposal is for a four-day crossing from Montauk Point to Plymouth or Havre. The 20,000-ton turbine ships are to have a speed of between 30 and 35 knots. More than that, departures are to be daily from each side, for which reason the fleet is to comprise no less than ten vessels. They are to be quadruple-screw, with accommodation for 400 passengers in modest staterooms, and room for only 500 tons of first-class freight. The turbines are to develop no less than 100,000 to 130,000 horse power, the steam being supplied by twelve boilers. The ships are to carry airplanes for the use of passengers who wish still further to shorten the time of the voyage when the weather permits. The names of some well-known steamship men are mentioned in connection with the proposal, among them that of Mr. H. B. Walker, president of the American Steamship Owners' Association. While it is not yet clear that the money for the enterprise has been found, it is hinted that the Pennsylvania Railroad may be interested by reason of its ownership of the Long Island Railroad, which would carry all the freight, passengers, and mails from the ships to New York City and vice versa.

It will take a great deal of backing to make us believe in the feasibility of this particular scheme. We have long been of the belief that the time of crossing the Atlantic should be cut and have thought of the possibility of two fast ships to make the trip in four and one-half days, leaving New York early Friday evening and arriving at Plymouth Tuesday morning. There is nothing impossible in this. The speedy Mauretania on her last voyage to New York left Cherbourg at 6 P. M. Saturday and was at her American pier by 10 P. M. Thursday evening—within one hour and a half of the transatlantic record made by her—yet she is twenty years old and a veteran of the World War. Four more knots of speed and the trick could be done, and the Mauretania carries not less than 1,000 tons of freight and 550 first-class passengers—even more when crowded. Such experimental vessels as we have suggested could be run as extra-fare boats, precisely like the limited trains (such as the Twentieth Century) which are amazingly profitable for the railroads which operate them.

Our objections to the Long Island scheme are that daily sailings are unnecessary and, at present, financially impossible. Every extra knot of speed costs enormously. Some money could be saved if all the costly accommodations could be banished, such as the de luxe staterooms, the gymnasiums, swimming pools, tea-gardens, orchestras, etc. —all unnecessary extravagances for a four-and-a-half-day voyage. Indeed, the architect of the ships, Ernest H. Rigg, is clearly of the opinion that the cabins should be as simple as Pullman compartments. But even with this saving the cost of speed remains very high, and we cannot see a daily service running except at a dead loss during the bad winter months. Moreover, one must admit that no four- or four-and-a-half-day ship can keep her schedule in bad weather. She must slow down to avoid plunging in heavy seas, with the terrific strain upon her engines, to speak not at all of the comfort of her passengers. Again, it would take more than ten vessels to keep up a daily service, yet leave a reasonable rest for crews and a margin for accidents and delays. Finally we cannot wax enthusiastic over Montauk Point as a terminal. New London has a superb harbor and a fine State pier, and is hardly an hour's further steaming. The New Haven Railraod can run fast boat-trains better than the Long Island. Besides, New London is half way from New York to Boston. Trains could leave at once for Canada and all New England points. If there is to be an American Southampton or Plymouth let it be New London.

Fast vessels are a luxury because of their heavy winter losses—which is a chief reason why the lines are so eager to charter their big vessels for winter cruises. It is also the reason why a company which operates a Leviathan or an Ile de France must surround those vessels with a fleet of economical, slow-running vessels with low coal or oil bills. Yet, as we have said, we should like to see the experiment tried with 20,000-ton rather than 50,000-ton vessels. There will be greater discomfort from vibration and motion in the smaller size—the 40-knot destroyer is indubitably the worst vessel to go to sea in; but, in the years that have elapsed since the Mauretania made her world's record, engineering has progressed and so has the stabilization of ships. The United States has grown vastly more important to Europe during those years, and Europe to us. The transatlantic mail service could and ought to be improved as to speed and will pay for itself if it does cross in faster time. The Zeppelin and airplane-mail services still lie far in the future. Faster steamers are possible. Let us have them.

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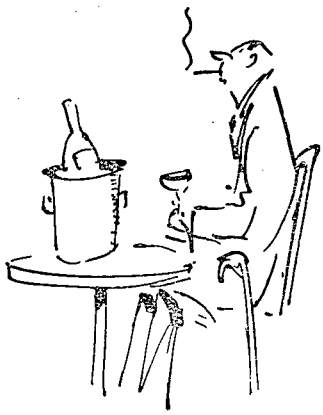
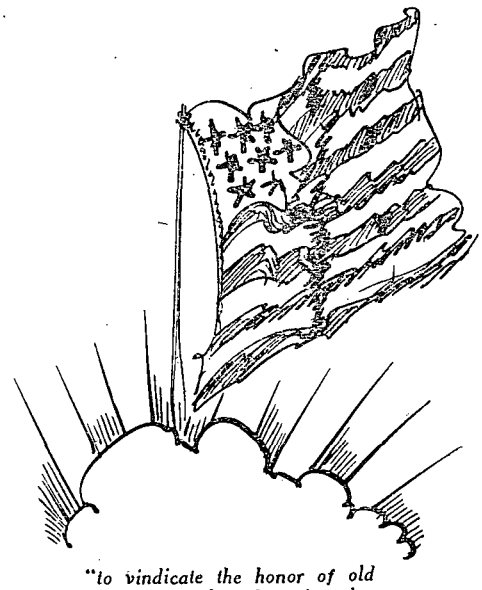
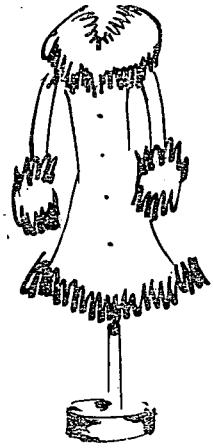


Yesterday your correspondent interviewed a Prominent American now making certain economic studies along the Boulevards of Paris. This patriot declared himself disgusted with recent French victories in the field of sport.

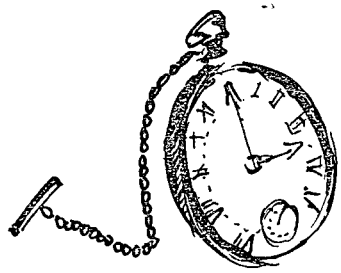
"This will never do," he said. "We can't afford to let a frog get the best of an honest American. And it is up to Congress—



"to vindicate the honor of old Glory as it has done in other fields during these last fifty years.



"Look here, those Frenchmen used to beat us at dress-making. Very well, we passed a law which put 80 per cent on all French dresses.



"Those silly Swiss yodlers used to make better watches than we do. Very well. We put a duty of 90 per cent on all Swiss watches and saved the reputation of the American clock industry.

"The Wops made better cars than we did. So we put a tax of 95 per cent on all Eyetalian cars and gave our own machines the victory.

"Then there were the Dutch. Our bulb lobby told Congress that Dutch tulips were full of dangerous bugs. We legislated them out of existence and our own tulips are triumphant.

"And it was a cinch to put such a duty upon English cloth that our own mills won their well-known victory. And so in the future why not apply a little tariff commonsense to international sport?"

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

SOMEBODY in Kansas said that a man who took a high-ball was as much a public enemy as one who threw a bomb. This is not as silly as it sounds. Drinking has always been a form of protest. It has, however, the advantage of being effective and dignified. As a progressive I may express myself by shouting for Mr. McAdoo or for gin. I much prefer gin.

People who are entirely satisfied with the present state of the world have a right to be bone-dry. All others should drink to excess. It seems, so the anecdote goes, that there were two reformers.

"Why are you drunk?" said the one called Osbert.

"Why are you sober?" patly answered the one called Mike.

The right to get tight belongs with the right to assemble, to petition, and to speak freely. Sooner or later there will be a recognition in this country of the fact that the wet-and-dry problem is an issue between radicals and conservatives. At the present time you may find reactionaries in the rum camp and liberals in the ranks of the enemy. This is all wrong. The count should be delayed until the men are compelled to go to their rightful corners.

I don't see how anybody can be politically dry and at the same time progressive. To argue that America is anything less than the Utopia of the dreamers is to insult the Anti-Saloon League. To view with alarm at the present moment is sedition to the Eighteenth Amendment. This is the richest and most fortunate country in the world and everybody is happy. In the old days the tariff did it, but now it is prohibition which scats the wolf away from the worker's door. In other words, the prohibitionist has got what he wants and must logically become conservative. But we who believe that much is out of joint owe it to our cause to drink and defy the smug and satisfied.

Moreover, alcohol transcends political considerations. It is the rock at which material and spiritual forces divide. Without wine the soul perishes. You cannot have dry poets, painters, and dreamers. Quite justly all the famous prohibition leaders in America have denied the charge that they are fanatical. Obviously this is a silly accusation. You will find none but practical men in the tents of the arid. I never read a single argument for the dry cause which did not bristle with facts and figures. "In 1914, 6.1216 per cent of the inhabitants of Hillsboro County were depositors in savings banks. In 1926 it had risen to 15.6982." In the old days preachers referred to kingdoms beyond the skies, but now sermons chiefly celebrate the fact that money saved from out the jaws of demon rum is compounded semi-annually. If you would talk of spiritual things you must find yourself a speakeasy.

Possibly the misfortune is personal and accidental but I have never heard any good conversation in a house bereft of rum. I don't mean that wholly sober people are incapable of puns and anecdotes and perhaps a little banter, but they are so insufferably frivolous. Nobody talks about immortality, love, or the way to paint a picture until he stands under the vine leaves. Cold-sober people keep both feet upon the ground, and if there isn't a Greek legend there should be one about a mortal who found he could renew his strength by kicking up his heels.

Again and again at parties I have noticed the sudden lift which came to all present when the last teetotaler went home. His exit marked the end of singing "Lord Geoffrey Amherst," playing twenty questions, and discussion of the market possibilities of American Sumatra. As the door closed behind him some one said: "I think of God as ——" and the essential part of the evening had begun.

It would be silly to say that there are no kind and charming people who are also total abstainers. I have met none. Being dry and agreeable is extremely difficult. A man who doesn't drink is prudent. The world could hardly get along without prudent people. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. They should drive automobiles and perform surgical operations, but certainly nobody looks to the prudent for entertainment. Possibly even the most enlightened country should have a helot class of wholly sober people. It may even be that in a true Utopia life without liquor can prevail, but as yet no nation is good enough to get along without stimulation. When every slum is down, when science has conquered pain, and dull and grinding work is gone there will be time enough to talk of prohibition.

It is conceivable that a non-alcoholic nation might develop a greater efficiency than the world has ever known. That seems to me no very glittering goal. There is a great deal of efficiency in America right now. There is hardly a single practical thing which is not better administered by us than any other country in the world. Being efficient is the national vice. Unfortunately no man and no nation can achieve efficiency without shouldering self-sufficiency as well. Uncle Sam was more lovable in the days before he took up calisthenics and the morning's cold shower-bath. I am only middle-aged, and yet I think I can remember back to a time when it was not considered necessary for every American to button-hole each foreign stranger and tell him of our gold reserve. There may even have been a day when we did not send ideals and marines to backward countries. I think it was a better land when we were all a little poorer and far less sober.

To be sure, it is only fair to say that no nation has appealed to us and been turned away with a stone. In every crisis we have been ready with advice. Columbia in her coach was told that Europe had no bread and to this she is said to have replied: "Why don't they have ideals?"

Of course, not every consequence of prohibition has been hurtful. But for Mr. Volstead we might have run head on into the destruction which lurks for all who bow down to wood and stone. Without the respite brought into being by the Eighteenth Amendment we might never have nicked the belief that the Constitution is something carved in rock-hewn tablets on the top of Sinai. Again in our own day there recurs the sane and comfortable doctrine that bad laws are best forgotten. And looking back across the years we now may drink a not altogether unsatisfactory toast in bootleg gin to the gentlemen who gave the tea party in Boston harbor.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Federal Reserve Fight

By ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN

THE directors of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank at their weekly meeting in the early part of September considered credit conditions in District Number 7 and advised the Federal Reserve Board that in its opinion the Chicago rediscount rate of 4 per cent should stand. Thereupon the Federal Reserve Board ordered the Chicago Reserve Bank to lower its rate to 3½ per cent, the rate prevailing in most of the other banks of the system.

The Federal Reserve Bank, according to the Federal Reserve Act, was empowered "to establish, subject to the review and determination of the Federal Reserve Board, rates of discount to be charged by the Federal Reserve Bank for each class of paper, which shall be fixed with a view to accommodating commerce and business." Previously the Federal Reserve Board had urged changes. This was done through the weekly submission by the banks of their reserve rates for approval by the Board. This rule was revoked and the initiative again left with the reserve banks, which submitted rates to the Board only when they desired to make a change. However, in 1919, when it was thought that a crisis existed, one of the reserve banks was prevented by the Board from fixing a high rate. In the autumn of 1925, when the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston wished to raise its rate to check speculation, the Federal Reserve Board deferred the rise for six weeks.

The controversy has assumed several aspects. Shall the Federal Reserve System tend toward the central-bank idea, or shall each bank have local autonomy? Shall the Federal Reserve Board or the local bank initiate a rate or be the final arbiters of that rate? Shall international financial considerations share in determining a change of rate?

As to the legality of the action, there seems to be little doubt, according to the Attorney General's ruling of 1919. As to its advisability, there is another question. It is certainly not desirable to throw disputed questions of the Federal Reserve System on the floors of Congress. To say that there has been political influence from Washington in the Chicago rate decision is meaningless, for the controversy finds Mr. Glass and Mr. Borah, a Democrat and a Republican, both on the same side. Hot heads may open the system to attack of sectional politics and to tinkering by advocates of panaceas and utopias.

It is charged that the reduced rate will stimulate speculation. However, the Florida land boom and fiasco, the real estate speculation which has been going on for the past five years, have not been dependent upon a 3½ per cent rediscount rate. It is charged that the recent cotton speculation was due to the ease of money. However, in the same journal in which this charge is made, there is the government report of a short cotton crop, which had a decidedly bullish effect, as well as the department's prediction of a lower price trend, which had a decidedly bearish effect. It was these two conflicting government reports, rather than the reduction in the Chicago rate, that caused the recent speculation in the price of cotton. As for stock speculation, it is well known that there have been bull markets on 4½ per cent and 5 per cent money and that a low money rate alone will often not produce a bull market, as in periods of industrial depression. The call money market in New York in the past five years has moved quite independently of the Federal Reserve rediscount rate. For example, on July 29, 1926, the call money rate for the preceding week was 4 per cent and the Federal Reserve rediscount rate was 3½ per cent, whereas on July 29, 1927, the call money rate for the previous week was lower—3¾ per cent—whereas the Federal Reserve rediscount rate was higher—4 per cent.

Nevertheless, the problem of a uniform rediscount rate throughout the United States presents difficulties. The United States has the largest area and the largest population under one banking system. Conditions in various parts of the country are very diverse. Industrial Essen and agricultural Pomerania do not require as diverse bank rates as do say Pittsburgh and Texas. For instance, on August 31, 1927, the Federal Reserve Bank ratios of gold to liabilities were 82 per cent at New York, 83 per cent at Chicago, 59 per cent at Dallas, and 52 per cent at St. Louis. Similarly the rates on prime commercial loans charged by member banks in August, 1927, were quite diverse—in New York 4½ per cent, in Chicago 5 per cent, in Atlanta 6 per cent, and in Cleveland 6 per cent. And yet a 3½ per cent rediscount rate prevailed at all of these cities except Chicago.

Undoubtedly the prime consideration in reducing rates in the United States was to help England maintain the gold standard and thus to keep the other exchanges of Europe sound. The United States could afford to do so, for in the period 1920-1926 the United States had a net import of gold of one billion five hundred million dollars. The increase in the supply of reserve funds outran the demand for reserve bank funds by over a hundred million dollars. The reduction in rate was helpful because normally sterling moves against London during her period of heavy importations of agricultural products, and threatened to do so this year. This would have resulted in an outflow of gold from England, where it is seriously needed, to America where it is redundant. As a result of the reduction of the Federal Reserve rate, sterling exchange went above parity a few days ago, for the first time since June 30, 1926. The Federal Reserve Board followed a practice which was quite common in Europe before the war—regulating exchange rates by an increase or reduction of the discount rate, which results in a flow of funds from a low interest market to a high interest market. The policy of the Federal Reserve Board is a consequence of the restoration of a gold basis in England. Keynes and other economists favored the deferring of a return to the gold basis, and even advocated a "managed currency." Keynes predicted the evils of deflation—high production costs, strikes, and high interest rates. However, the conservative bankers in England decided that the advantages of a stable currency offset the evils incident to attaining it. The coal strike and unemployment in England were probably aggravated by the premature return to a gold standard. At present, when so many countries of Europe are on a gold basis, it is important that America help maintain the gold standard. One of the devices in accomplishing this purpose is to make in-

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terest rates lower in this country than in England, so that American funds will flow to London, thus creating a supply of dollars and a demand for sterling.

In the light of these facts, the attitude of the Chicago directors now may be more intelligible. The Middle West has entertained a strong anti-foreign feeling. It was a Mid-West Senator who asked, "What have we to do with abroad?" It was the Middle West that elected Wilson on the platform that he "kept us out of war." It was the Middle West that opposed the League of Nations and now is indisposed to be helpful in the financial restoration of Europe. And Chicago elected as its Mayor, Mr. Thompson, whose campaign slogan was "Down with King George V."

There are some who favor an isolationist financial policy. They say that if sterling was put on a gold basis too soon and therefore needs artificial support, why let it drop. However, the repercussion throughout the world and even upon ourselves might be serious. Moreover, the altruistic policy followed by the United States is not without its benefits. The maintenance of a low rate of interest in New York has resulted in the growth of New York as an important financial center. Foreign financing in New York has grown very greatly as a result of low rates prevailing. On the other hand, England at one time embargoed foreign loans so as not to create too large a supply of sterling in foreign hands, which would depress sterling exchange. In fact, the New York market has taken foreign issues which hitherto had never borrowed except in London, such as Australia and the states of the Commonwealth. At present New York is issuing twice as large a volume of foreign loans as London, with the result that the supply of dollars thus created in foreign hands has depressed dollars and improved the other exchanges. The reduced rate of discount has made it possible for the very Chicago banks that now complain to become leaders or participant in large foreign-bond underwritings.

Furthermore, as a result of the low rates of discount, New York is becoming increasingly a center for short-term financing by acceptances or bills covering imports and exports. "Salt water" acceptances of the United States have grown substantially in the past few years, and with the maintenance of low rates in this country an increasing part of America's foreign trade will be done by means of American bank drafts rather than through foreign bank drafts. In view of the fact that in the Federal Reserve System as a whole the ratio of reserves to liabilities is close to 80 per cent, there would seem to be adequate justification for the maintenance of a low rate and for the encouragement of the growth of the American acceptance market.

The reduction of the Chicago rediscount rate and the focussing of public attention on the international aspects of the question, throw light on many related problems quite outside the field of technical finance. England is primarily an industrial power, depending upon manufactures and exports. The restoration of England to financial and industrial soundness and health is a matter of efficiency and competition. Low rates of interest in the United States and heavy lending of dollars are but temporary expedients to help England. A revision of British industrial methods and labor relations is essential to the permanent reestablishment of Britain's position in the world of trade.

Others say that the difficulty lies primarily in the large invisible credits received by the United States on payment of inter-allied debts. The cure for Europe would, accordingly, be even more complete cancellation of the inter-allied debt and the elimination of reparations. This would reduce the flow of gold to the United States in payment of these obligations. Money in Europe would, therefore, not be so tight nor deflation in Europe so disastrous. However, the total payments on the inter-allied debt at the current low rates of interest and with partial cancellation agreed upon, are but a fraction of the interest on the other foreign loans issued in this market at from 6 per cent to 8 per cent. In comparison with the other invisible credits in the American international balance of payment, interest payment on the inter-allied debt is not an important factor. Even if these debts were completely cancelled, the difficulty of Europe attendant on returning to the gold standard would not be removed.

A solution proposed generally in Europe is to have America check the inflow of gold. Gold has not been coming in as the result of any deliberate policy fostered by American bankers or the American Treasury. It has come into the United States in response to industrial and financial forces which are not easily controlled. America, with its 120 million people, is a big free-trade market which makes possible mass production and low costs. These in turn facilitate exports—as autos, typewriters, agricultural implements—at prices under those of the European manufacturer. Part of the gold comes in payment of our exports. Again, Europe could obtain gold by buying it in this market and keeping it, but with Europe partly on a gold-exchange standard rather than on a gold standard, these countries do not wish gold because it earns no income. Instead, they buy as their bank reserve American bills and securities which are convertible into gold at will. In other words, the American gold reserve is partly foreign owned, even where it is not so ear-marked.

Another form of adjustment of the international balance of payments is for American citizens to buy luxuries abroad, to travel extensively in foreign countries, and to increase other invisible debits. In this way Europe's debits to us will be offset.

The Harvard Economic Service in its letter of July 23 is quite pessimistic.

> So long as we continue to lend money needed to pay debt charges, the readjustment of international trade may be postponed, but the difficulty of the ultimate readjustment will be increased in proportion to the period of postponement. Extending credit postpones payment for a time, but even so, the day of reckoning must come.

However, what has been the British experience? Great Britain, with a population of approximately forty million, had in 1913 foreign securities equivalent to about twenty billion dollars. America, with a population almost three times as large, surely can lend far beyond the eleven odd billion dollars of government loans, excluding the uncertain factor of the inter-allied debt. The readjustments will come, not through any formula, but through the organic processes which characterize a living society.

This whole discussion points out the costliness of war. Norman Angell's pre-war prophecies are being fulfilled. Wars must be paid for. Achille Loria, the Italian economist, laid down the law that the zone of arbitration widens as the costs of war increase. Wars will cease—not through yearnings of sentimentalists, but through the cold facts of economics. When even the victors can expect only a loss, peace becomes a practical possibility.

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Americans We Like

Georgia O'Keeffe

By FRANCES O'BRIEN

The Fourth in a Series of Personality Portraits

IN an apartment on the twenty-eighth floor of the Shelton a woman sits painting. A tall, slender woman dressed in black with an apron thrown over her lap. Beside her is a glass palette, very large, very clean, each separate color on its surface remote from the next. As soon as a tone has been mixed and applied to the canvas its remains are carefully scraped off of the palette, which thus retains always its air of virginity.

It is late afternoon and even in this high place the room is growing dusky. The artist does not seem to know this. She goes on painting carefully, swiftly, surely—and she and the canvas and the glass palette are one world having no connection with anything else in existence. And then the telephone rings.

"Hello, Georgia? This is——" "Hello, how are you? Would you mind calling up a little later after the light goes?" And the chastened caller ponders the twilight outside his window and wonders how even on a twenty-eighth floor one can go on painting. But of such intensive work as this is born the beauty which annually, on the walls of the Intimate Gallery, makes that little room the largest place there ever was in the world. Paintings of flowers and leaves and the music of flowers and leaves. Paintings also of tall buildings, of tiny shells, of Lexington Avenue. The flowers are painted very large, the leaves are painted very large, until you begin to feel large yourself. And the colors make some people say "gorgeous" and make other people keep quiet altogether.

All this is because Georgia O'Keeffe has never allowed her life to be one thing and her painting another. She has never left her life in disorder while she sat down to paint a picture that should be clean, simple, and integrated. To her art is life; life is painting. What you are is also the thing you put on canvas, or into a symphony or a book. When you look at her pictures you know that she is chiseled, ordered, and fine just as they are. You know that she lives simply, almost as a recluse, that she orders carefully every detail of existence so that the maximum of time may be given to her work.

Georgia O'Keeffe is an iconoclast to the old European traditions of art and artists. All the thrilling tales we have heard of life in a studio, of Bohemianism, of cocktail-inspired masterpieces become remote fabrications beside the serenity of this woman of many paintings. We begin to believe that inspiration really comes out of introspection, human sympathy, profound contacts rather than, as we were taught to believe, out of a bottle. America is versatile—producing alongside of jazz and the Black Bottom so austere and ascetic a religion for artists.

O'Keeffe is America's. Its own exclusive product. It is refreshing to realize that she has never been to Europe. More refreshing still that she has no ambition to go there. Born in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, and with a childhood spent in Virginia and Texas, she absorbed an atmosphere untainted by theories, by cultural traditions. When she came to New York, William Chase, at the Art Students' League, was explaining to young America the brushwork technique of the Paris salons. Georgia, being just seventeen, listened politely and wielded her brush with such dexterity that Mr. Chase awarded her the medal in his still-life class.

But the candor that was to distinguish both her life and her painting was even then playing its role. She may have said: "Why should I receive a medal for being an obedient, intelligent child? Is not this supposed to be a class in painting? What has a medal to do with me? Moreover, what has all this painting to do with me?" She may have said all this. Those who know O'Keeffe best will admit that this would have been characteristic of her. And presently she abandoned the league and with it New York and its esoteric painting. All painting, in fact.

The next few years found her doing advertising work in Chicago. "Commercial art" they call it nowadays. Then it was just making pictures of alarm clocks and tomato cans. Our aesthetes may well lift their eyebrows in horror. But I have no doubt that then, as now, Georgia O'Keeffe was "working herself out." This period of work having afforded her the means to do so, she journeyed to the University of Virginia and spent the years 1912-1914 under the paternal baton of Alan Bement. She studied everything except painting and presently found herself in Texas with the title "Supervisor of Schools." Later on she became the "Art" of the West Texas Normal College.

Meanwhile, having purged herself of New York's borrowed art theories and the academic technique, she would lock herself in her room evenings and tentatively draw with charcoal. And nothing was urging her to draw save the pure need of expression. No one was to see what she did. Having struggled by herself with life, she was free to set down her feeling about it. No instructor was standing behind her to signify with sophisticated squint his approval of what she did—or his disgust. It was very nice; life was complete in a bit of charcoal carefully rubbed on a sheet of paper. And Georgia impulsively showed two drawings to a friend.

The woman to whom she showed the drawings took them to New York; and that is why this past February we could walk into the Anderson Galleries and see hanging there "Forty New Paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe."

At that time Alfred Stieglitz was making his brave struggle to present America with its own artists and Europe's in his famous "291" Fifth Avenue, an institution remembered today by but a few of the intelligentsia, but an all-important chapter in the history of American art—when we get to the point where we can write one. To "291" came the academicians and native art dealers to shake with uproarious laughter at walls hung with Matisse and Picasso. Also a select and very small group of the far-seeing to gaze with religious awe at new and significant manifestations

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such as these, and to quarrel about their virtues. Verily, they were days of travail for Stieglitz. And then, one day when he was feeling his weariest from the fruitless endeavor to explain to Babbitt that this, also, was art, there walked into "291" the woman to whom O'Keeffe had confided the two drawings.

To Alfred Stieglitz nothing was ever so refreshing as those two drawings. Long after the woman who brought them had gone they remained on the walls of "291."

A controversial correspondence followed between Stieglitz and the young lady who was teaching art in the West Texas Normal College, the upshot of which was that there presently arrived in New York an artist with approximately $40 in her pocket-book, but with an indomitable enthusiasm. True, artists have arrived in New York with less than $40 and quite immeasurable enthusiasm and—well, I can't help recalling George Bridgeman's boast that he never has to pay any subway fare because all his former students at the Art Students' League are now officiating in the ticket booths.

Ten years have not made a different person of Georgia O'Keeffe. Today finds her the same strong, clear, and introspective person as the girl who wandered with her classmates through the Virginia woods, studying bird life. Georgia never saw the birds; but no flower or leaf or tree escaped her passionate exploration. "If only people were trees," she has said, "I might like them better." That is why she has remained undisturbed by the worship of the culturally elite. That is why of all our modern painters she is the least influenced by any of the trivialities, the aesthetic fashions of the time. These things do not exist for her; her roots are in the earth and her kinship is with the things that grow from the soil.

Yet there is one potent bond uniting her with the world of humanity. If Georgia O'Keeffe has any passion other than her work it is her interest and faith in her own sex. She married Alfred Stieglitz about eight years ago, and you must not, if you value being in her good graces, call her "Mrs. Stieglitz." She believes ardently in woman as an individual—an individual not merely with the rights and privileges of man but, what is to her more important, with the same responsibilities. And chief among these is the responsibility of self-realization. O'Keeffe is the epitomization of this faith. In her painting as in herself is the scattered soul of America come into kingdom.

In the Driftway

AS the Drifter stands on the pier to greet the hordes of tourists returning to New York, and constitutes himself an entertainment committee to give them the keys and freedom of the city, whatever those may be, his delighted hospitality is tempered by certain serious reflections. Sometimes he can hardly restrain a shudder at the sight of so many amateur drifters, who have learned the crude outline of his honored profession and missed its essentials. Can he have looked like this when he himself returned after some voyage—full of souvenirs, anecdotes about the customs, and condescending remarks about prohibition? The Drifter tries to think not. At least he was never able to afford to come home laden with a cargo of presents of Florentine leather work, French perfume, and Irish linen for friends who would try to keep him from guessing that they had bought the same thing on Fifth Avenue the week before.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER'S hatred for souvenirs weakens, however, when they come from bazaars. He has often been rude to ladies who forgot the contents of the Musée du Louvre, but remembered those of the vast department store with the same name. He always ignores their collections of pewter out of an antique shop in the rue des Saints Pères; but a much inferior set which has been assembled piece by piece, Sunday after Sunday, from the junk-piles of the Flea Fair never fails to excite his envy; and he will listen patiently to the owner's tales of how much the old woman wanted for the large porringer, and what she said when he asked the meaning of the cock on the handle of the ancient twisted spoon.

* * * * *

NOR does the Drifter claim to be entirely free from the feminine vice of shopping himself. Not when he travels in the Orient. He haunts bazaars, in fact, with the fidelity of a beggar. This does not mean that he would display any great degree of heroism in the cause, like one of his friends who made a painful journey across the Caspian Sea, on the slower than slow eastern trains that push their exhausted way into the foothills of the Himalayas, where they gradually give up and come to rest in the hill towns; and through desert villages whose entire water supply trickles down the gutter of the steep street, and whose best accommodations are squalid inn rooms bare of any furnishing save dirt—undergoing all this hardship simply for the sake of buying brasses and embroideries in the bazaars of Tashkent and Samarkhand. The Drifter's enthusiasm does not lift him to heights like these, but it has kept him walking through the dust on aching feet under a semi-tropic sun, up and down past shabby booths in chattering crowds; and it has led him up a steep hillside into booths as ruinous as the Parthenon, to buy senseless gewgaws soiled with snow and mud, on winter days when his stiff fingers could hardly pick a coin from his purse. He has seen the great bazaar of Stamboul, spread like a mellow carpet over a wide space; but he would always prefer a village fair of Angora or the Caucasus, sprawling over fields on the outskirts of town, where peasants travel all night in creaking carts to bring homemade brooms and butter and squares of lace.

* * * * *

AT his first visit the Drifter was ignorant enough to pay the trifling price that was asked for some rudely decorated water jugs, degenerate cousins of the proud family of vases that the ancients used to make in the same town. He will never forget the look of contempt and disappointment on the face of the vendor, who would rather have lost a third of his price than the pleasure of the argument. At his second visit, accordingly, the Drifter grew penurious, haggled for five minutes over every purchase, and finally made none. After that he went to some trouble to learn the art of bargaining. He worked out mathematically the proportion of the expected price asked by the peddler, whose technique is at least as complicated as that of a graduate of a school of high-powered salesmanship in Detroit or Chicago. The whole procedure of both buyer and seller is a highly organized and recognized form of bluffing, at which orientals invariably excel. Their impassive poker faces conceal any desire they may feel; but

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the secret is to feel none. Months of serious study convinced the Drifter that the only way to bluff successfully is not to bluff, a principle which can be applied to even more important concerns than country fairs. If you walk away from the bit of antique jewelry, or the exorbitant gondola, or the desirable lady, feigning indifference, your own eagerness may bring you back eventually, but you will never be summoned. But if you honestly don't care enough to pay the price, you will find that the price is always lowered, or at least often enough to make it worth while to take the chance, and haunt bazaars, and develop an oriental philosophy.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Honor in Languedoc

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 31, 1927, H. H. Horowitz calls attention to the case of Jean Calas in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti matter, and to Voltaire's pamphlet on "toleration." One of the most pertinent things in this pamphlet reads:

> They [the Calas] had still enemies, however, for it was a question of religion. Many of those people who are known in France as "devout" said openly that it was much better to let an innocent old Calvinist be slain than to compel eight councillors of Languedoc to admit that they were wrong. One even heard such phrases as "There are more magistrates than Calas"; and it was inferred that the Calas family ought to be sacrificed to the honor of the magistrates. They did not reflect that the honor of judges, like that of other men, consists in repairing their blunders.

HENRY W. DOOLEY, Democratic National Committeeman for Porto Rico

San Juan, Porto Rico, September 7

There's Room for Freedom in Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We hasten to supplement the dismal picture painted by our fellow-reader W. M., writing to *The Nation* from "Somewhere in Texas." His statement that "no teacher in this benighted South . . . dare acclaim *The Nation* and its ideals . . . and hope to live by teaching. It just isn't done. The mob would be on his neck," is as true as the statement, "It never rains in summer time in Texas."

Which is to say, it all depends on where you are. Texas, let us remind those who have forgotten it, is a very large State. W. M. could be living farther from us than Dedham jail is from the Bowery for all we can tell from his address, which is "Somewhere in Texas." We are acquainted with the depravity of the South from the plumber who was flogged in Fort Worth for getting too much business to the case of W. M. himself. But let us tell a thing or two about our neck of the woods.

We are a town of 6,000, having for a neighbor (or a suburb) the thriving and beautiful city of San Antonio—sunny Antonio reeking with history and, as advertised, the nation's playground. You could hardly imagine the playground of this nation being closed on Sunday; and it isn't. Nor is our little city. Nor, as a matter of fact, is El Paso, and for all we know, several other important centers in the State. All of which is contrary to the State law. And when some rabid reformer in the legislature proposed that the State militia be called out to dry up our oasis of anarchy the proposal somehow managed to get pigeon-holed before any damage was done, and it has not been heard from since.

The Nation is in the reading-rooms of the libraries of the State Normal School at San Marcos and the State University at Austin. Not only on file, but patronized. One of us is about to teach in the grade school here, and while neither of us has stood on the street corner proclaiming the gospel of *The Nation*, nothing has been done or said to indicate that its weekly appearance in our P. O. box is a liability or a disgrace. We know of a girl teaching American history in the State Normal School who is a regular reader, and the last we heard she was on the verge of accepting a high-school position in San Antonio.

We feel for W. M. We have been in somewhat his position in another State. But before losing himself to complete despair over the South we invite him to look around a little. The New South is pushing forth its sprouts with unexpected vigor in places where the soil is richest. And we know of one town at least, in Texas, where the policy of live and let live is a tradition that is jealously guarded.

PHILIP N. RAWSON
GERTRUDE K. RAWSON

New Braunfels, Texas, August 24

When the Fan Stops, Get Out

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just noticed the communication of John B. Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, criticizing my review of "The Rock Dust Remedy," by Harry Phythyon, a State mine inspector of Pennsylvania. He implies in his communication that Mr. Phythyon and I are opposed to rock dusting bituminous mines, which is incorrect.

Mr. Andrews ignores my statement that "Mr. Phythyon would certainly not relegate rock dusting to a less important position than the last line of defense. He is not against rock dusting as such, but he insists that it be kept in its proper place." He believes in rock dusting as one of the safeguards against mine disasters but he does not believe in magnifying its importance out of all proportion to other means for preventing explosions, as is done by the American Association for Labor Legislation and the Bureau of Mines. Such undue stress on rock dusting will result in the neglecting of the primary defenses against loss of life by explosions such as adequate ventilation, which prevents the accumulation of explosive gas, and proper equipment to prevent the ignition of gas. Over-reliance on rock dusting will also result in overlooking such important secondary defenses as enough exits from the mine to enable the men to escape in case of an explosion so that they will not be killed by after-damp.

"Seven hundred miners owe their lives," Mr. Andrews writes, far from the coal fields, "to this safety device (rock dusting) in the most recent coal mine explosion of Pennsylvania." He undoubtedly refers to the Ehrenfeld mine of the Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Corporation, where there was almost a major disaster but in which all but four of the nearly four hundred miners escaped with their lives. I was working at the time in a nearby mine of the same company at Cresson and went with other Cresson miners to Ehrenfeld. While rock dusting probably helped prevent the explosion from spreading in that instance, there were numerous openings in the remote corners of the mine by which the men were able to escape in a few minutes before any of them were killed by after-damp.

A few years ago I saw seventy-nine dead bodies taken from a mine in Spangler, Pennsylvania. About fifteen had been killed by the force of the explosion. The others died some hours later from the deadly after-damp following the explosion because they could not get to the shaft over a mile from where they were working. The mine shaft was only ninety feet deep, yet there were no openings except the main hoisting and air shafts far from the coal face. This disaster was distinctly a gas explosion; rock dusting could not have saved the men. Adequate ventilation and safety lamps to prevent the ignition of gas would

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have saved them all. Openings near the working places would have saved over sixty of them who, trapped, were suffocated hours after the explosion.

The question whether gas or dust is the greater factor in mine explosions is important, because on the answer to it depends whether one stresses most rock dusting or ventilation. Mr. Phythyon shows that although the non-gaseous mines outnumber many times the gaseous ones no major explosion has ever occurred in the entire mining history of Pennsylvania in a strictly non-gaseous mine. Those who say that rock dusting will prevent mine explosions are, therefore, lulling the operators, miners, and public into a false sense of security and thereby endangering human life.

Rock dusting is important, yes, but when advertised and stressed out of all proportion to its usefulness it results in such astounding statements as the one I quoted from the Salt Lake City *Tribune* of March 12, 1926, which does not seem to disturb Mr. Andrews in the least: "The Bureau of Mines is convinced that neither ventilation nor water will prevent mine explosions. Ventilation particularly is ineffective, as tests have shown that explosions occur only when the dust is in motion and ventilating fans therefore add to rather than diminish the danger." Any one who has ever worked in a mine knows that when the fan stops it is time to get out.

Pittsburgh, Pa., September 20 POWERS HAPGOOD

To Chicago Readers of *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: I move that we form a circle of *Nation* readers in Chicago. Such a group of like-minded progressive people would not only form a sound foundation for a liberal club, but it would also materially advance the influence of the publication which we cherish. Let us rally around *The Nation* for such a circle.

I suggest that *Nation* readers in Chicago get in touch with the undersigned at P. O. Box 1224. We will then issue a call to all these to meet for a conference and organization.

Chicago, September 12 MARGARET CALDER

□ LECTURES □

ENDOCRINE GLANDS AND BODILY ORGANIZATION
by DR. WALTER B. CANNON
Professor of Physiology, Harvard University
Author, "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, Rage," "Traumatic Shock," etc.
Thursday, October 6, at 8:20 P. M.
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Monday, 8:30—"World Literature."—*John Macy.*
Tuesday, 8:30—"Psychology of Personality."—*Joseph M. Osman.*
Thursday, 8:30—"Four Modern Idealists."—*Wm. P. Montague.*
Friday, 8:30—"The New Drama In Europe."—*V. F. Calverton.*

BERTRAND RUSSELL
will lecture
"WHY MEN FIGHT"
Community Church, 34th St. & Park Ave.
Friday evening, Oct. 14
Chairman, Oswald Garrison Villard
Heywood Broun, Honorary Chairman
Reserved section, 50c, 75c, and $1.00
Tickets on sale at Y. P. S. L., Room 505, 7 E. 15th St., Community Church Office, Park Ave. and 34th St., and Rand School, 7 E. 15th St.
Auspices Young Peoples Socialist League.

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DEBATE
OF THE CENTURY
BERTRAND RUSSELL vs. Dr. WILL DURANT
English Philosopher, Essayist, Publicist — Author of "Story of Philosophy"
SAMUEL UNTERMYER, Chairman
SUBJECT:
IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?
DURANT says YES RUSSELL says NO
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And by Mail or at Office of
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International Relations Section

The Citizen Abroad*

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

EVERY science starts from certain major postulates which are assumed to be true and are rarely if ever reexamined. In the subject we are to discuss today it is assumed that the country owes a duty to its citizen abroad, and for itself has a privilege, to protect him against the impairment of his rights in the foreign country in which he resides or invests. What those rights are and how far they may be protected by international action are serious questions, which deserve examination.

The institution today under discussion reflects one of the most primitive theories and practices of community life —the theory that when a member of the clan is injured by some alien clan or agency, his entire clan must go to his rescue. Carried out to its logical extreme in this day of immense foreign investments, it presents an opportunity and a danger of more or less continuous intervention in the affairs of other nations and a very considerable supervision and guardianship of foreign investments. A distinguished statesman has recently advanced the thesis: "The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the nation, even when abroad." If by this it is intended to claim that the citizen must not submit to the local law, or that he carries with him a certain extraterritoriality, the assertion is open to serious question.

The very fact that the danger is now so common of having to enlist all the citizens of a country in the cause of one of them has produced considerable feeling that the postulate itself is open to challenge, or, at least, that the method by which the rights of the citizens abroad are determined and the method of giving effect to them should be modified. The challenge runs to the point of demanding that the citizen abroad should take the risks of his location and of the local law, as he finds it, and should not ask his fellow citizens to become his insurers; and the argument is advanced that the citizens abroad can ask no greater rights than are enjoyed by the natives of the country in which he makes his home or investments.

It is doubtful whether this criticism of the existing practice, and the demand it involves, can be accepted completely as a measure either of the citizen's rights or of the nation's duty. Yet there is reason to believe that unless the countries of the foreign investors exert some self-restraint and adopt some more definitely legal machinery than that now employed, to determine impartially both the validity of the right and the manner of its enforcement, these demands made by fellow-citizens at home will receive ever greater political recognition and will be translated into general rules of municipal law and into rules of international law. It must be remembered that the greater part of the world consists not of "exploiting" but of "exploited" countries—terms used in no opprobrious sense—and that the latter have already for many years been demanding legal limitations on the privilege of protecting internationally those who live among them, or acquire economic interests there, as aliens.

It is commonly said that the alien entering a country is entitled to the enjoyment not only of the local law but also of international due process of law, the standard of civilized justice below which a nation's municipal law, in its application to the alien, may not fall. When he complains of injuries at the hands of the local administration, measured by the standards of the local municipal law and of international law, he is required first to exhaust his local remedies, if they are deemed adequate or promising of relief, before he invokes the diplomatic protection of his country. The main ground of such interposition is discrimination against the alien. So in the case of legislation to which international objection may be made—it is the element of discrimination which is the essential basis of the international claim. To be sure, occasional international objection has been raised to the application of general domestic legislation binding on all the inhabitants of the country indiscriminately. When made, the objection can rest only on the very unusual allegation that the domestic legislation, as a statutory system, falls below the standard of civilized justice or what may be called international due process. This is not a light charge to make against the legislation of a foreign country, and it must be realized that a promiscuous use of this privilege of objection would hamper foreign countries in undertaking social and legislative experiments which, as free and independent countries, they may deem themselves privileged to make. It is, indeed, not at all settled how far a nation may go in such experiments without violating what may be called international law, nor whether the international claim may go further than a demand for compensation without asking a repeal of the legislation itself.

The question arises mainly not on the principle that no nation may legitimately act or legislate in violation of international law, but on its application, and this again involves the issue who is to be the judge of the question. Now it is not unknown to history that strong nations are prone to make such determinations for themselves, and will decline to give the weak nation the benefit of the doubt or even suggest arbitration. It is to this unilateral determination of the question that weak foreign countries object, and the distrust created by a frequent resort to compulsion to induce a recognition of claims is not lightly to be disregarded. It may ultimately grow to considerable proportions and affect political relations.

On the other hand, we cannot leave the questions of the alien's rights and whether the local law has violated them exclusively to the local courts, as so many foreign countries have demanded. This would make them a judge of their international duty, and under present postulates of international law, that demand will not obtain acceptance.

The realization of the inequity likely to result from a unilateral determination of such difficult questions, either by the complaining or by the defendant state, suggests that the only practical solution for the determination of the issue is the international forum, in the event of inability of the two countries to settle the matter diplomatically. Each country usually assumes that it is entirely right and that there is nothing to say for the other side. Experience does not sustain the axiomatic truth of this assumption. Without now undertaking to reach a conclusion upon the question in any way, I will assume that a foreign country seeks to change its system of land tenures. Those who, citizens and aliens, are likely to be affected by the change,

* An address made as presiding officer at the meeting of the American Society of International Law in Washington, D. C.

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however slightly, are likely to charge "confiscation." That, of course, if only a label for a set of facts, events, and emotions. The real issue is, has the country gone so far in the diminution of property values by the change of its laws—and every country is continually exerting its police power to modify property rights—as to justify an impartial tribunal in declaring that the municipal legislation falls below the standard of civilized justice—constitutes a denial of justice or of due process. This, again, is a question of degree, and on that question neither party is competent to be the exclusive judge. Violent and serious impairments of property rights bring their own reward or penalty—a loss of confidence and the loosening of that cement, law and the feeling of security, which holds the social structure together. We label those impairments, when severe enough, confiscation, but, strange to say, such practices cannot be laid only at the door of weak countries. What the world has seen put into practice since 1918 in the way of the confiscation of foreign investments, not by general legislation, but by legislation directed exclusively against particular foreigners, has no counterpart in history. It not only weakens the force and dignity of any demand made against weak countries, but constitutes a precedent for all time, dangerous to the confiscator and to all foreigners. The sooner the road to financial integrity is again resumed, the better for all concerned and for the world's future.

But to return to the manner of establishing the right and its enforcement, when determined. In the Porter proposition at the Hague, arbitration was agreed on in the case of contractual claims, with an unfortunate sanction of force if arbitration is refused. If the right is determined in an international forum, it is to be doubted whether the question of enforcement will present serious difficulty. But if its exercise should prove necessary, it will be likely to have the support of world approval. At present the unilateral determination of the right and the arbitrary enforcement of that determination is calculated to arouse resentments without necessarily promoting justice or the rule of law. It may well be asked, then, that not only in contract claims, but in tort claims as well, the nations shall agree to submit to an international tribunal, existing or to be created *ad hoc*, the question of the existence of the right. This legal method of judicial determination should be deemed an inherent part of international due process of law. On this continent it has already been agreed in the Pan-American Conventions to submit all pecuniary claims to arbitration; and questions involving property rights, and the propriety of their alleged impairment, are distinctly legal. In Europe, some eighteen nations have ratified the optional clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice, giving the court jurisdiction in such cases at the behest of a complaining signatory. The aim should now be to induce all the nations, including especially the larger powers, to adhere to such obligatory jurisdiction over legal questions, or, if not that, of pecuniary claims arising out of alleged injuries to citizens abroad. That alone would take out of the channels of politics and force a subject which is essentially legal, and would promote the rule of law.

Apart from such obligation, which nations should and may assume without the slightest loss of prestige or of legitimate rights, it may be deemed advisable to give the injured citizen himself a right to proceed against the defendant nation in an international court, if he believes that the local remedy still embodies a denial of justice in the international sense. If necessary, his nation may think it proper to aid him financially and with counsel, if it considers the case meritorious. This will require international agreements, but it seems to me to be asking but a trifling concession in the interests of law and order. The existing practice is dangerous to all parties concerned because of the injection of the elements of unilateral determination, force, and politics. The reform suggested, mild and temperate and promotive of the rule of law, should, I believe, command general support.

AMERICANS WE LIKE

coming in

The Nation

Ruth H. McCormick

Candidate for Congressman-at-Large of Illinois

By MILDRED ADAMS

Contributors to This Issue

ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN, banker and statistician, is to give a course of lectures on international finance at the New School for Social Research. He is the author of "America and the New Era" and other works on international economics, and was formerly on the staff of the United States Treasury.

FRANCES O'BRIEN is a contributor to current publications.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD is a member of the faculty of the Law School of Yale University.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is the pastor of the Community Church in New York.

MORTIMER J. ADLER reviewed "The Story of Philosophy" for *The Nation*.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury*.

CARL VAN DOREN is the author of "James Branch Cabell."

HERBERT GORMAN is soon to publish a novel, "The Place Called Dagon."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of numerous volumes in American history.

WILLIAM LINN WESTERMAN is the professor of ancient history at Columbia University.

W. E. WOODWARD is preparing a life of General Grant.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is a lawyer who has contributed to the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, the *Menorah Journal*, and other magazines.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN begins in this issue to review fiction bi-weekly in *The Nation*.

NORMAN THOMAS is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

JOHN MACY is the author of "The Story of the World's Literature."

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Strenuous Americans," "John L. Sullivan," and "Mohammed."

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Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Adams, John and Waterhouse, Benjamin. Correspondence Of. Little, Brown. $3.
Aikman, Duncan. Calamity Jane. Holt. $3.
Amundsen, Roald. My Life as an Explorer. Doubleday, Page. $3.50.
Anonymous. Northcliffe. Lippincott. $4.
Aretz, Gertrude. Napoleon and His Friends. Lippincott. $5.
Arliss, George. Up from Bloomsbury. Little, Brown. $4.
Bagger, Eugene. Francis Joseph. Putnam. $5.
Barbusse, Henri. Jesus. Macaulay. $2.50.
Baudelaire, Charles. Letters. Translated by Arthur Symons. Boni. $4.
Bell, Gertrude. Life and Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia. Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. $10.
Belloc, Hilaire. Robespierre. Putnam. $5.
Berchtold, Count. Own Story. Macmillan. $7.50.
Bidou, Henri. Chopin. Knopf. $3.50.
Birkenhead, The Earl Of. Law, Life, and Letters. Doran. 2 vols. $10.
Bordeaux, Jeanne. Benito Mussolini. Doran. $6.
Bradford, Gamaliel. D. L. Moody: a Worker in Souls. Doran. $3.50.
Browne, Lewis. That Man Heine. Macmillan. $3.
Brusson, Jean Jacques. Anatole France Abroad. Holt. $3.
Busbey, L. White. Uncle Joe Cannon. Holt. $5.
Carco, Francis. The Romance of Villon. Knopf. $5.
Case, Shirley Jackson. Jesus: A New Biography. University of Chicago Press. $3.
Chaliapine, Feódor Ivanovitch. Pages from My Life. Harper. $5.
Chotzinoff, Samuel. Eroica: The Life of Ludwig Van Beethoven. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.
Croce, Benedetto. An Autobiography. Oxford University.
Davis, Robert H. Bob Davis Recalls. Appleton. $2.
De Sola Pinto, V. Life of Sir Charles Sedley. Boni and Liveright. $6.
Dodd, Anna Bowman. Talleyrand. Putnam. $5.
Dole, Charles F. My Eighty Years. Dutton. $5.
Durant, Will. Transition. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
Ellison, Grace. The Memoirs of Mustafa Kemal. Stokes. $5.
Fisher, Sydney George. Benjamin Franklin. Lippincott. $3.50.
Emperor Frederick III. War Diary, 1870-1871. Stokes. $5.
Gay, Robert M. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Doran. $2.
Geer, Walter. Napoleon and His Family. Brentano's. $5.
Goldberg, Isaac. The "Compleat" Gilbert and Sullivan. Simon and Schuster. $5.
Gwynn, Stephen. Experiences of a Literary Man. Holt. $3.50.
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Hamilton, Mary Agnes. Thomas Carlyle. Holt. $2.50.
Hapgood, Norman and Moskowitz, Henry. Up from the City Street: Alfred E. Smith, a Study in Contemporary Politics. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Harris, Frank. Contemporary Portraits. Macaulay. $2.50.
Harvey, George. Henry Clay Frick: The Man. Scribner. $5.
Herold, A. F. Life of Buddha. Boni. $3.
Hibben, Paxton. Henry Ward Beecher. Doran. $5.
Howden Smith, Arthur D. Commodore Vanderbilt. McBride. $5.
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Sears, Louis M. History of American Foreign Relations. Crowell. $3.50.
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Thompson, James Westfall. Feudal Germany. University of Chicago Press. $5.
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Fall Announcement 1927

Sunday, 5:00 P. M., Labor Temple School Lecture by Dr. G. F. Beck on:	*7:15 P. M., American International Church Service. Address by Mr. Chaffee on:*	*8:30 P. M., Labor Temple Forum:*
Oct. 2 ..... "The Antigone of Sophocles."	*Labor Temple Night—Special Program*	*Labor Temple Night—Special Program*
9 ..... "The Forsyte Saga of Galsworthy."	"Physical Science and Religious Faith."	Dr. G. F. BECK on "A Radicalism that Cannot Die Out."
16 ..... "The Prometheus of Aeschylus."	"Personal Virtues and the Social Gospel."	SALOMON DE LA SELVA on "As the Nicaraguans See It."
23 ..... "The Prometheus of Shelley."	"What and Where Is God?"	W. E. B. DU BOIS: "The Negro and the Future of America."
30 ..... "The Book of the Month."	*Address by LEON LAND*	A. J. MUSTE on "Labor and Education."
Nov. 6 ..... "Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.'"	"International Peace and Modern Industry."	NORMAN THOMAS: "What We Might Do With New York."
13 ..... "O'Neill's 'Great God Brown.'"	*To be announced*	URBAIN LE DOUX: "Hoboes and the Rest of Us."
20 ..... "Goethe's 'Faust.'"	*Special Thanksgiving Program.*	Dr. ISAAC B. BERKSON on "The Jews, Race, Religion or Nationality?"
27 ..... "The Book of the Month."	"The Unpardonable Sin—Living Without Work."	PAUL BLANCHARD: "China Today and Tomorrow."
Dec. 4 ..... "The Birds of Aristophanes."	"Communism—Its Truth and Error."	Prof. S. C. MITCHELL of Richmond, Va., on "The South Today."
11 ..... "'The Tempest' of Shakespeare."	*Address by LEON LAND*	*To be announced*
18 ..... "Shaw's 'Back to Methusalah.'"	"Holism and Evolution."	Dr. G. F. BECK — *Subject to be announced*
25 ..... "The Book of the Month." Admission to above 25c.	*Special Christmas Program.* These addresses will be preceded by a brief Organ Recital by Stanley A. Day, Labor Temple Organist. Admission to above free.	*Special Christmas Program* Admission to above free.

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Hoernle, F. Alfred. Idealism as a Philosophy. Doran. $2.50.
Holt, Henry. The Hopeful Borderland. Holt. $2.50.
Inge, W. R. The Church in the World. Longmans, Green. $2.
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Russell, Bertrand. The Analysis of Matter. Harcourt, Brace. $6.
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Stiles, Percy G. Dreams. Harvard University Press. $1.50.
Harris, C. R. S. Duns Scotus. Oxford University. 2 vols.
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Whitehead, Alfred North. Symbolism, the Meaning and Effect. Macmillan.

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Cullen, Countee. Caroling Dusk: An Anthology of Negro Poetry. Harper. $3.50.
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Davidson, Donald. The Tall Men. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
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Reese, Lizette Woodworth. Little Henrietta. Doran. $1.50.
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Sarg, Tony. New York. Greenberg. $10.
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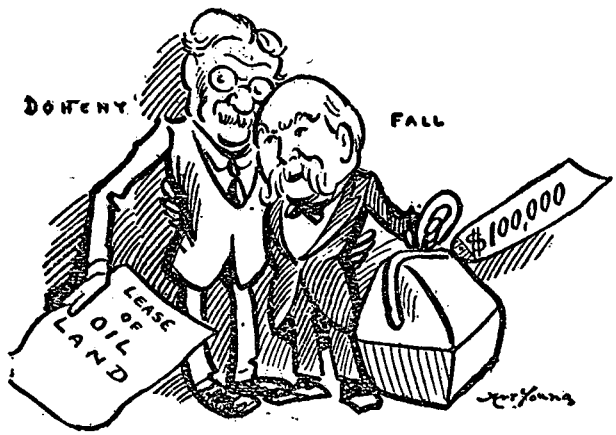
Fall Book Section

Muckraker Tactics

By HEYWOOD BROUN

ONCE upon a time the muckraker charged straight at the citadel of corruption and from behind the barricades the entrenched forces riddled him with bullets. He has, with the passing of the years, taken to tactics and learned the value of hitting an exposed flank. And so when people ask why Samuel Hopkins Adams chose to call Warren Gamaliel Harding "Willis Markham" the answer is very simple. "Revelry," the novel, and the current play derived from it, gain vastly in effectiveness from being cast into fictional form. The parable is still the silver bullet of the reformer.

Much that Mr. Adams put into "Revelry" is a matter of public record, and the public record merely aggravated the tendency of Americans to fly into a great state of calm about public scandals. Most of the testimony concerning the oil deals was damning, but obviously neither the voting nor the reading public took it to heart. An episode in a novel fires the imagination far more than a news report. Indeed when "Revelry" was still in manuscript Mr. Adams showed his story to a journalist who prides himself upon his familiarity with current events. To make no secret of the matter, the volunteer reader was "F.P.A." And this Mr. Adams reported back to the author that it seemed to him a lively tale, but that some of the incidents failed to carry conviction. The columnist did say that one portion of the book seemed to him utterly thrilling and persuasive. "I refer," he said, "to the chapter about the young lieutenant who is sent to seize the fields to further the plot of the grafters."



At this, the creator of the tale made rather a long face and confessed. "It ought to sound true because I took it almost word for word from the testimony of a young lieutenant who was a witness at the inquiry." This particular part of the public record attracted not the slightest attention, but once imbedded in a novel the thing took on vitality and interest.

Naturally, I do not intend to suggest that Samuel Hopkins Adams is the first reformer to hit upon the device of attacking persons in the public eye by casting them as characters in a novel. Each one of us who opens a can of beef today should mention Upton Sinclair's name in saying grace. Now if Mr. Sinclair had chosen to call his book "A Plain Statement of Facts About The Packers," canned beef would be pretty much the same this morning as in the bad old days. More shrewdly the author got his information abroad by garnishing his truths with a tale. It may be that the adult-minded are prepared to take their information straight, but most of us want some pleasant chaser. Deep-rooted in the human mind is the feeling that if it isn't fiction it can't be true.

Obviously, not everything in "Revelry" is literally from the life. No one has a right to ask that much of any fictionist. The business of the novelist, as I understand it, is to take observed experience and shuffle it around a bit. The only complaint to be made against Samuel Hopkins Adams is that he has shuffled too little rather than too much. He, and Miss Maurine Watkins, who dramatized the story, have done perhaps no more than cut the cards before dealing. A few may feel that since President Harding did not commit suicide and Willis Markham did, the book and the play must contain no more than a pack of lies. But that is a silly assumption. The only responsibility resting upon Mr. Adams was to be faithful to the mood of the Harding Administration. From this point of view I think he has given the country a fundamentally truthful document. Probably a close analysis might reveal the fact that here and there "Uncle Tom's Cabin" contained passages slightly exaggerated, and yet it may be that the novel did more to arouse opposition to slavery than any plain statement of fact.

The recent agitation in Philadelphia against the production of "Revelry" seemed centered less in a feeling that the charges were untrue than in the familiar emotion that it is best to say no ill concerning the dead. People who refuse to pursue grudges beyond the grave's edge flatter themselves that they possess a kindliness of spirit, but I think this squeamishness is animated rather by superstitious terror. In some unexplored cranny of the mind there lurks the dread that a hard-pressed ghost will rise to haunt his attackers. And I hold to the theory that Presidents, at least, do not die utterly.

No service is done to the national welfare by saying, "Let Warren Gamaliel Harding sleep deep." Indeed the members of his party have not even offered such a compromise. Instead we are supposed to wink while monuments are reared to this great and good man because he happened to die before he was found out. Friends of Harding should applaud and not condemn "Revelry." Samuel Hopkins Adams has gone to great lengths to stretch a point in favor of the martyr President. In his book Mr. Adams has insisted that the man from Marion was not corrupt but merely dull-witted. The novelist seems to have overlooked the possibility that a Republican politician might conceivably be both.

Some have said that Samuel Hopkins Adams must be a dreadful man to say such terrible things concerning Harding. Those who hold this opinion also believe that any book by a monster must be monstrous. That isn't so. There ought to be more appetite for the brine of dissent. But "Revelry" will not make many converts in this cause, for Mr. Adams has shaken the top off the salt-cellar.

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A Survey of the Season's Books

By MARK VAN DOREN

I HAVE heard more than one publisher declare that his list this fall was to be a weak one. But another glance at the titles of the season has reassured me—at least to the extent of making it impossible for me to say just wherein the times are slow. Publishers, of course, have their own ways of looking at literature, and it may be that fewer books than in other falls will sell into the hundreds of thousands. Many interesting books are announced, however, and as I am fortunate enough not to have to be concerned with sales, I am at liberty to go on checking with a pencil the announcements that seem most promising.

In the department of biography I am impressed once more with the activity among students of the American past, particularly that not very remote past which may be designated roughly by the term mid-nineteenth-century. Colonial and Revolutionary America have hitherto been better known than this America out of which a living generation draws its character. Victorian America is a weird enough land, and indeed one sufficiently remote, to need explaining, and doubtless in time it will be amply explained. Meanwhile we shall have in Gamaliel Bradford's "D. L. Moody," Paxton Hibben's "Henry Ward Beecher," Arthur D. Howden Smith's "Commodore Vanderbelt," Denis Lynch's "Boss Tweed," Harvey Root's "The Unknown Barnum," and Robert Warshow's "Jay Gould", some of the materials for the study of personalities significant in such a day. Meanwhile too the colonial work goes on with Katherine Anne Porter's account of "The Devil and Cotton Mather," Rupert Hughes's continuation of his "George Washington," Eugene E. Prussing's analysis of Washington's will, Phillips Russell's "John Paul Jones," and—something that has been long desired—Charles Beard's edition for the American Library of William Maclay's "Journal." And meanwhile too we are treated to memoirs picturing the contemporary American world as experienced by Will Durant, William Ellery Leonard, and Samuel Ornitz, as well as to "lives" of the living or lately dead—L. White Busbey's "Uncle Joe Cannon," George Harvey's "Henry Clay Frick," Walter Lippmann's "Men of Destiny," William Allen White's "Masks in the Pageant," and John K. Winkler's "W. R. Hearst." As was to have been expected, there are two volumes out on "Al" Smith: Henry F. Pringle's, reviewed elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, and another one yet to come by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz. All this, as must be apparent, without any mention of several most interesting biographies coming from abroad and dealing with such figures as Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, Bismarck, Heine, Mustafa Kemal, Edward VII., George Sand, and Joseph Scaliger.

In belles lettres we have an American innovation in the form of a year-book of literature. "The American Caravan" may mean this or that to American literature—there will be debates as to just what it does "mean"—but its eight hundred pages of verse and prose by dozens of varied authors ought to show something at any rate not shown by any or all of the magazines.

The season is rather richer than usual in volumes of criticism and literary history and in collections of essays. Allardyce Nicoll's "Development of the Theater," Bernard Fay's "Since Victor Hugo," A. H. Quinn's "History of the American Drama," and the second volume of Legouis's and Cazamian's "History of English Literature" will be valuable surveys by experts. E. M. Forster will surely have something to say about "The English Novel." Miscellanies are to come by Aldous Huxley, Leonard Woolf, Ernest Boyd, W. C. Brownell, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, and George Jean Nathan. Mrs. Bertrand Russell's "The Right to be Happy" is said to inhabit a classification of its own; and I am glad to see that Thoreau is remembered this fall with two volumes, one a study by J. Brooks Atkinson and one a compilation by Odell Shepard called "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals." Thoreau's journal, so important for an understanding of the complete man, needed this kind of notice even more than Emerson's did last year.

The fiction list is headed by great names from Europe, and first of all by that of Marcel Proust, the new instalment of whose masterpiece, called in English "Cities of the Plain," unfortunately is to be had at present only in a limited edition. Then come André Gide's "The Counterfeiters," Reymont's "The Promised Land," Sudermann's "The Mad Professor," Schnitzler's "Daybreak," and Alexis Tolstoy's "The Prince of Outlaws," with English novels by Bennett, Wells, Chesterton, and May Sinclair taking their customary places in the procession. Interest in new novels by Americans will probably center in those of Willa Cather, James Branch Cabell, Zona Gale, Glenway Wescott, Conrad Aiken, Thomas Beer, Louis Bromfield, Floyd Dell, and Ernest Hemingway; though here it is difficult to do justice beforehand to a season's list, since the chances are so great that good new writers will be missed.

With the exception of volumes by Padraic Colum, Countee Cullen, Amy Lowell, "H. D.," H. Phelps Putnam, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Edith Sitwell, few of the new books in poetry promise very much—and some of these indeed promise very little. In Phelps Putnam, the freshest arrival, a remarkable talent will, however, wait to be discerned. And quite possibly the best contribution to poetry in 1927 will be that of Carl Sandburg in his "American Songbag," collected from many sources past and present by this poet who of late has taken to the road in order to listen and sing.

In history there will be the long awaited translation of Bernard Fay's "Revolutionary Spirit in France and America," once selected for the Pulitzer Prize but denied the award because it was not yet in English. Sidney Fay with "The Origins of the World War" and Hermann Lutz with "Lord Grey and the World War" will carry on the battle of the scholars for recognition of the truth concerning the subject now technically called war-origins. Mark Sullivan continues "Our Times," a piece of contemporary history in many ways unique, into its second volume; M. Rostovtzeff completes his great "History of the Ancient World"; and Hendrik Willem Van Loon comes home with pen and brush to "America."

Beyond this point I am unable to tread with much assurance. Yet anyone could remark that it is a distinguished season which offers works in philosophy by Santayana, Bosanquet, Unamuno, Russell, Dewey, and Whitehead; in psychology by Adler, Freud, Driesch, and Köhler; in physics by Eddington and Michelson; and in travel by Henry W. Nevinson, D. H. Lawrence, Captain John Noel of the Mount Everest group, Marmaduke Pickthall, and H. M. Tomlinson.

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Paul Valéry and the Intellectualist Critics*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

LONG before the vogue of Paul Valéry had reached its present proportions English and American readers were familiar with T. S. Eliot's "The Sacred Wood" and were aware of the existence of a widespread dissatisfaction among younger writers with the theories concerning the arts of composition and criticism prevalent among the more thoroughly established practitioners of both. They knew that Romanticism (of which Shaw and Wells were regarded as the most conspicuous contemporary exemplars) had been declared passé; that "impressionistic" and "interpretative" criticism, praised by the nineteenth century as the only sort which a man aware of the relativity of all things could permit himself, was by such men as Eliot regarded as no criticism at all; and they were aware, in addition, that this set of literary opinions was but part of a larger "intellectualist" movement whose aim was to reestablish metaphysics as an instrument for attaining truth.

Yet even those most hospitable to new ideas were somewhat at a loss to know where to turn for first-rate modern examples of intellectualist criticism. Mr. Eliot himself, though he discussed bad critics at some length, had to go as far back as Coleridge to find a good one, and though there were many young writers eager to tell one what the qualities and methods of a real critic would be, they were generally compelled to confess that that no one preeminent enough to serve as a satisfactory illustration could be found. Such a critic, they say, would not concern himself with the sociological implications, the psychological origins, or the historical place of an author; he would, on the other hand, "faire sortir" the essential qualities inherent in any particular work of art considered as a separate, self-contained entity. But they were not sure just who had accomplished this feat. And then, just when the desideratum was being considered, Paul Valéry emerged from his obscurity. Here was a man who not only shared the prevalent discontent but who had, in addition, an original force of mind sufficient to enable him actually to strike out in a new direction. Accordingly, and with no little eagerness, he was seized upon by those who had been crying in the wilderness.

The bulk of Valéry's prose is far from great; it has concerned itself with a rather bewildering number of subjects; and, for all the precision for which, upon certain subjects, he has striven, his work is hardly more than a succession of remarkable fragments. Yet all such defects are more than made up for by the fact that his mind works in an original fashion, and thus he owes his vogue less to any system which could be deduced from his works and presented as a *précis* than to the extraordinary suggestiveness of even his most fragmentary efforts.

Even when an individual piece seems, as often it does, tentative and incomplete it has usually the virtue of approaching the problem from an unexpected angle and of attacking it with weapons either new or, at least, half-forgotten through disuse. No matter how small or how great the progress which his mind may make in attacking any particular problem, it moves off in a fresh direction and that direction is usually one which the intellectualist delights to see taken.

Perhaps the most rounded and complete of his achievements are "Le Soiré de M. Teste," "L'Architecture," and "L'Ame et le Dance," none of which has been translated into English. But even among the less perfect pieces which are gathered together in "Variety" one can hardly find a page which does not touch somewhere some aim, effort, or ideal related to that attempt at a new orientation of the mind which is the concern of so many of the most interesting if not the most widely read of contemporary critics and writers. In, for example, the essay entitled "The Intellectual Crisis" he describes, better perhaps than it has ever been described before, that confused state of modern culture which its enemies have dubbed "Romantic Decadence"; in A Foreword (to a volume by Lucien Fabre) he pursues with consummate skill the phantom of Pure Poetry; in "Adonis" he dissects a poem of La Fontaine in a fashion which, however important or unimportant it may be, certainly succeeds in being concerned with no qualities except those of the poem considered by itself; and through all the essays the dominant ideal is a "precision" which is held up as the virtue of classic art distinguishing it from the suggestiveness of the romanticist. Valéry has, perhaps, no system, but his preoccupation is always with one or the other of the elements which make up the intellectualist complex.

II

He himself has told us that Poe's "Eureka" supplied him with his first ideas of science, and without quite confessing how unsatisfactory a textbook that volume is he has gone on to tell how it inspired him to worship precision—"confusedly, it is true, but with passion." Mathematics he thought of as the special province of minds incommensurate with his own, but literature, on the other hand, shocked him by "its lack of discipline, connection, and necessity in handling ideas." Hence he began to dream of an art which should be as exact as geometry, he took Leonardo as his hero, and he began to study words as symbols potentially as exact as those of mathematics.

Terminology aside, the effect of his enthusiasm was not only to alienate his sympathy from all the efforts of romantic literature to be suggestive rather than precise but, more especially, to disgust him with all that impressionistic criticism whose aim is to reproduce the *effect* of a work of art upon the critic by a description of it; and it led him to the enunciation of perhaps his fundamental thesis, which is that poetry is not, as has so often been affirmed, analogous to a dream, but on the contrary its antithesis. "The true condition of a true poet," he says, "is absolutely distinct from the state of dream. The man, even, who tries to describe his dream must be infinitely awake," and "whoever says exactitude and style is invoking the opposite of dream."

Perhaps it is worth while to point out that the effect of this thesis is not to controvert as directly as might at first sight seem the ancient assumption of an analogy. It does not say that the experience communicated by the poet to the submissive reader is not something pleasing for the

* *Variety.* By Paul Valéry. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. Harcourt Brace and Company.

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same reason and in the same way that a dream is pleasing, but it does say that this communication can adequately take place only when the poet emerges from his dream in order to plan with his awakened consciousness the means which he will employ to render an experience of his own comprehensible to another. The difference between a poem and a dream may consist, then, not in content but in expression, but the effect of stressing the distinction rather than the similarity is to turn the attention of the critic from an effort to describe the effects produced by the poet and to lead him instead into an investigation of the technique of expression.

Such an investigation is exactly the thing which Valéry undertakes in the essay on the "Adonis" of La Fontaine, which constitutes his most successful attempt to put into practice the principles of criticism which naturally follow from all his discussion of method. In that essay he begins with a few paragraphs which invoke in a fashion quite Pateresque the image of La Fontaine which arises in our minds when his name is mentioned, and then, ceasing to concern himself with history, anecdote, or "atmosphere," he turns brusquely aside to fix his eye upon the poem itself, considered purely as a collection of words existing in isolation upon a series of pages. The result is something which a romantic critic would probably call "barren." No image is evoked, no mood created, no interpretation attempted, but there is instead as skilful and exact an analysis of the means of expression there employed as has ever been made of any piece of writing. Pater would hardly be interested; any rhetor would be compelled to admit that no completer or more subtle dissection of a style had ever been effected.

III

Our immediate concern is, however, not with the merits of this particular poem but with the method of criticism by which it is expounded and with the idea which it gives of the critic's function. Fortunately Valéry himself has made it possible to be precise on this point because he is himself precise, and after speaking of "the thousand difficulties overcome, and a thousand delights so caught in the length of an inviolable web that they touch and are forced to melt one into another," he defines his conception of the critic and his function by saying that it is "all this hidden labor which the lover of poetry considers, as it were, by holding the tapestry against the light, seeking what lies beneath its artifices, turned aside from his search neither by the movement of the hunt [in the poem] nor by the vicissitudes of love, and beginning by degrees to admire as his mind succeeds in reconstructing the poet's skill."

From this it is evident that the lover of poetry is, in Valéry's mind, one who takes his pleasure not in the effect of a poem but in a realization of the skill of the poet, and the critic, presumably, is one particularly skilful in detecting the evidences of such skill. Here in a few lines is the most clear-cut distinction between the intellectualist ideal and that of the nineteenth century. Then it was supposed that the reader of a poem submitted himself to the spell of the poet, that in the case of "Adonis," for example, he would do exactly what Valéry forbids him and strive to feel the "movement of the hunt" and "the vicissitudes of love." It was even supposed that at least one of the functions of the critic was to constitute himself an unusually sensitive and responsive reader; but here even the "lover of poetry" as distinguished from the critic of poetry is enjoined to concern himself less with the spell of the poet than with the means by which the poet endeavored to cast it, and we are to admire him not in proportion to his success in capturing us but in proportion to the ingenuity of the means which he employed in his effort to do so.

No one could wish to deny that Valéry performs his analysis with consummate skill or that the piece of criticism which he has produced is a valuable one, but the limits of his method are clearly defined by its aims and they are such as to constitute a sufficient confutation of the claims made by certain of the intellectualists that such criticism is the only true or valuable sort. The lover of poetry may legitimately delight himself with the communicated dream of the poet as well as with the means by which it is communicated, he may follow the "movement of the hunt" and "the vicissitudes of love" when these are the subject of the poem; and even the critic who sets out to enrich the reader's pleasure may concern himself, as the "interpretative critic" always has, with the emotional reactions which accompany his comprehension of the poet's meaning. Toward the end of the essay under discussion Valéry warns us not to think that "we are reading the same poem that was known to the contemporaries of the author. Perhaps the qualities they prized most highly are those which escape us; others which they hardly perceived may affect us deeply." Does not that admission of the fact that when we think of a poem as an aesthetic experience rather than as a series of words it is, potentially, as many different poems as there are readers for it, constitute a defence of even the impressionistic critic who endeavors to communicate *his* poem to the reader by surrounding it with whatever historical or other facts contribute to the total experience which is his when he reads it?

In the course of an extended essay on Stendhal, published in the Parisian quarterly *Commerce*, and more recently written than any of the essays in "Variety," Valéry makes reference to the fact that his concern is exclusively with the technique of an author: "I see the pen and he who holds it: I have no care, I have no need of his emotion. I ask of him nothing except instruction as to his methods." Such a critic is of no small importance, but the majority of readers will still go to literature in search of the very thing which he does not seek, and they will continue to find a use for critics who help them to find it.

Song

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

What shall we remember when we are old?
What shall we remember even when we are wise?

Softly, softly we shall remember
Love and love's mouth and love's eyes.

What shall we remember more beautifully than wisdom?
What shall we remember in our cold years?

We shall remember, we shall remember
Love and love's laughter and love's tears.

What shall we remember when we are lost in quietness?
What shall we remember? What shall be keeping?

We shall remember, forever, forever
Love and love's sigh and love's sleeping.

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The Outlining of Knowledge*

A Debate on Popularization

I

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"THE popularization of knowledge" is a phrase which explains itself. It obviously means the diffusion of knowledge through the mind of the populace—the deliberate attempt to disclose to the unlearned many what is known to the learned few. From one point of view, all education is popularization. The primary teacher writing the multiplication table on the blackboard, the college professor lecturing on Kant or Einstein, the scientific specialist explaining to his colleagues some new experiment or discovery, all are engaged in imparting information to the ignorant, in popularizing knowledge for the benefit of whatever large or small section of the public may in each case be concerned. But from the standpoint of this discussion, popularization means the diffusion of knowledge on a vast scale by methods uncontrolled by standardized instruction. Dr. Adler and I have in mind the business of distributing second- and third-hand knowledge by wholesale methods to the general public.

Popularization, as thus defined, involves one or both of two processes. On the one hand it involves, or may involve, translation. When a man sets himself down to translate Aristotle's "Ethics," or Aquinas's "Summa," or Spengler's "Decline of the West" into the language of his own place and time, he is obviously undertaking this task in the interests of popularization. The scholar needs no translation; or, if he needs it, he will not use it. Though his original sources be in Aramaic or Coptic, he will master that tongue, that he may have his knowledge at first-hand. But the average man, as Emerson suggests, cannot swim the stream; he has neither time nor strength to train himself for such venture. If he is to cross, he must have a bridge; and a translation is a bridge thrown over the stream of an unfamiliar language in order that the trudging wayfarer as well as the well-trained athlete may reach the land of knowledge.

Secondly, and more commonly, popularization involves interpretation. Most men cannot understand the meaning, much less the significance, of a great and original work of knowledge. Aristotle's "Ethics," Aquinas's "Summa," Spengler's "Decline of the West" need to be not only translated but interpreted if the common man, even the well-informed man, is to comprehend them. What chance have I to understand Bertrand Russell's mathematical philosophy unless it be expounded by one who knows? What chance have you to know what Einstein's scientific discoveries mean unless they be explained in simple language? For most of us the intricate details of modern science and philosophy on the one hand, and the vast panoramic sweep of contemporary knowledge on the other, must be transmitted at second- and third-hand by a process of interpretation, as a kindergarten explains letters to an infant, if we are to understand at all.

This is what is being attempted by the authors of the various "outlines" and other works of popular knowledge which are flooding the book-stalls today. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," J. Arthur Thomson's "Outline of Science," Dr. Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy," Lewis Browne's "This Believing World" are perhaps the most familiar recent examples. Jowett's immortal edition of Plato, with its translations and its elaborate interpretative introductions, is an excellent illustration of both processes of popularization combined in a single notable work.

Now what are we to say about this business of popularization in its twin forms of translation and interpretation? Is it good or bad, wise or unwise, justifiable or unjustifiable? Our answer to these questions will be determined, it seems to me, not by any theory of knowledge in itself, but by our theory of society. If we believe in the aristocratic theory of society—the subjection of the many to the few—then we will be opposed, as Dr. Adler is opposed, to the popularization of knowledge. We will argue that knowledge is for those who are fit to use it for their own enlightenment and for the guidance of the people. In India, for example, knowledge is the possession of the Brahmins, who pass on from generation to generation the lore which belongs to them alone. In a caste system of society there is naturally a chosen group of scholars or priests whose business it is to know the sacred mysteries. To impart this knowledge to others would be a betrayal of trust. Plato sets forth something of the same idea in his "Republic." At the head of society, as the responsible leaders of the state, are the philosophers who know and are therefore fit to govern. The other two groups in the community, the guardians who protect it and the workers who support it, have no need of learning. They would not know what to do with it if it was given them. So the popularization of knowledge in this utopia of the Greek philosopher would appear both abhorrent and unnecessary. Every objection to popularization is based on this aristocratic theory of society. If men oppose it, it is because they believe that the common people are incompetent to manage their affairs, and thus would only degrade a knowledge which they could not use.

But there are some of us who still believe in democracy—"government of the people, for the people, by the people"! To such the popularization of knowledge is as necessary and beneficent as education itself. Indeed, we regard popularization, as exemplified by the "best-seller" outlines of our time, as only the farthest ripples of that whole great educational disturbance, central in the life of a democracy, which starts with the placing of a child under trained instruction. The popularization of knowledge, as one phase of the enlightenment of a people for their own self-guidance in the affairs of life, is legitimate, and indeed must be considered wholly necessary, for two reasons:

First, a democratic society can survive—indeed, it can come into being at all—only by giving the people knowledge. What one event so surely marks the opening of the modern democratic era as Martin Luther's translation of the Bible

* These two articles are summaries of the arguments used by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Adler in a recent debate in New York.

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into the vulgar German tongue of his day? This achievement, with similar achievements elsewhere, wrought the spiritual emancipation of the European peoples and therewith prepared the way for later political and social emancipation. And Luther's work was simply and solely a piece of popularization! Hitherto the Bible and all it connoted to the life of those times was the possession of the priests, who were the scholars of the medieval church. Only the man who knew Latin could read the Vulgate. But now Luther put the Bible into the hands of every humblest peasant by translating it into the vernacular—and the world was free!

Another example of popularization of this kind is Thomas Huxley's life-long work in interpreting Darwin. How many people have ever read the "Origin of Species"? How many, if they have read it, have really understood it? Huxley, himself a biologist of the first rank, called it an enormously difficult work. It was perhaps because of his realization of this fact that Huxley undertook the interpretation of Darwin's masterpiece to his generation. And what a job he did! Read his six lectures to workingmen on "Evolution," and behold a classic of popularization! Huxley, more than any other man, educated a whole people in the new and revolutionary knowledge of his time, and therewith served democracy.

Secondly, the popularization of knowledge is necessary in a democracy because knowledge itself can survive only by diffusing its light among the people. A parable! In New York City not long ago, an ignorant man slew a physician who had injected an antitoxin into the body of his little son too late to save his life. When this man saw his boy suddenly dead after the injection, he assumed that the physician had killed him with his instrument, and he murdered him in revenge. Here is an instance where knowledge was destroyed by ignorance, for lack of popularization. Had the physician explained to the father, in simple language, what he was doing to his son—popularized, that is, the theory of anti-toxins—the father would have understood and the physician be still alive.

What is the matter in Tennessee? Why are anti-evolution campaigns flourishing in this and other States? Because no Huxley has popularized evolution for this generation as the great Huxley popularized it for the last generation! We have reared up a nation which knows not Darwin, and the result is a threatened return of ignorance and superstition. Knowledge can survive in a democracy only by popularization. Make it a hidden, esoteric thing, and always there is the possibility of a sudden uprising or invasion of barbarians, to destroy they knew not what—of truth or beauty or wit—and thus to inaugurate once again a "dark ages."

The case for the popularization of knowledge is one with the case for democracy. Popularization is not always a lovely process, as democracy is seldom an ideal state of society. It involves the hazard of errors, perversions, dilutions, even degradations. But knowledge is made for man, not man for knowledge. Use must transcend beauty, and luxury give place to need. Popularization, if the scholars will, can be made itself an art. It can be done brilliantly, as Durant has done it in his "Story"; it can be done nobly, as Wells has done it in his "Outline"; it can be glorified, as Huxley glorified it in a literature that abides. Then will democracy be safe because it is enlightened, and knowledge safe because it is free; the two, like righteousness and peace, kiss each other in sign of unity.

II

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

THE question whether knowledge should be popularized tends to provoke rhetoric expressive of noble humanitarian sentiments on the one hand and of aristocratic distemper on the other. It may be that the question is itself rhetorical, and essentially evasive of any analytic solvent. But at least the attempt can be made. Reason may not have a silver tongue, but its labored accent should find an audience in those who prefer even silence to unclarity.

There is first a matter of definition, and second a matter of evaluation. What are the traits of the class of books to be designated as "popularizations"? And what value is to be placed upon them?

A popularization is here defined as a book whose subject-matter is other books, the latter being either primary or secondary sources of scholarship or theory, whether scientific, historical, or philosophic. It is not the subject-matter, however, but the method which is distinctive. A popularization of any subject-matter is (1) a simplified report of (2) the important facts in a given field, and its aim is (3) to educate a group of people with regard to whom it is assumed that (4) their training or intelligence is insufficient to a degree which renders the original sources inaccessible or at least so difficult as to be unattractive.

Inevitably correlated with the four characteristics mentioned are two further traits, to be stressed not only in themselves but because they are significant in differentiating the popularizations from two other kinds of books with which they are frequently confused. (5) A popularization is always a selection of the important facts in a given field, their importance being determined by some moral, political, or philosophic theory in the author's mind. This theory determines not only the selection but the organization of the material, and is, furthermore, insinuated as authoritative commentary into what pretends to be merely an expository text. It is here asserted that a popularization is distinguished by the fact that the theory of the work is never frankly stated and defended by its author; but rather is throughout implicitly assumed as justifying the eccentricities of the popularizer's scholarship, the partiality of his formulations, and as grounding the authority of his imposed and intruded comments. In other words, a popularization is always authoritarian and dogmatic in that it fails to exhibit, examine, or defend its necessarily assumed theses. (6) A popularization, finally, employs certain devices, stories, pictures, analogies, charts, jokes, and literary vulgarisms which are irrelevant to the subject-matter being treated. They are irrelevant in that they are adventitious to the direct understanding of the subject-matter, their function being an appeal to "human interest" and to mankind's inveterate interest in itself. These devices may in part be efforts at simplification, but they are always more than that. They are of the same order as the literary or pictorial expedients used by the tabloid newspapers, the Sunday supplements, and the journalistic magazines. That they are weapons of exploitation can be seen by a study of the content of the advertising copy which has made any given popularization popular in terms of sales statistics. Knowledge must not only be simplified in order to be sold; it must be exploited in the manner which the tabloids have discovered to be the way of increasing the number of people who read some printed page. The point here being made

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is that these devices are intellectually irrelevant to the comprehension of the knowledge which they are designed to make seductive and palliative.

The class of books under consideration having been defined, some of the members of the class can be pointed out. Each of the following exemplifies to a greater or less degree the specified traits: H. G. Wells's "The Outline of History," Hendrik van Loon's "The Story of Mankind," Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy," George Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," and Lewis Browne's "This Believing World."

As before said there are two other classes of books, often thought of as popularizations, which should be distinguished therefrom. (1) Books which utilize simplified and selected knowledge to support or even to propagandize for a frankly polemical point of view. The distinction of these books is the explicitness of their theses and the frankness of their purpose. In this class belong Huxley's popular writings on evolution, J. B. S. Haldane's "Daedalus," and a book like C. E. Ayres's "Science the False Messiah." (2) Books whose effort is to present the general ideas of a given field of research or reflection, for which purpose evidence is selected to embody and illustrate the chosen themes. In this class belong Whitehead's "Introduction to Mathematics" and similar books in the Home University Library, Hart's "Psychology of Insanity," Shapley's "Starlight," Eddington's writings on relativity, T. H. Morgan's "Critique of the Theory of Evolution," Galileo's "Two New Sciences," and Boyle's "Skeptical Chemist." The distinction of these books is that they are critical simplifications of subject-matter governed entirely by a consideration of leading ideas. They are not summaries; they are generalizations of knowledge, often original contributions. Their authors are eminent scientists and scholars writing directly to a relatively small public, not journalists or publicists seeking to hold the market-place.

This is not a matter of arbitrarily calling names; it is a process of invoking distinctions that will define and differentiate. The term "popularization" certainly is deserved by books of the Wells-Durant-Dorsey class, for they alone are really popular in terms of circulation. The present argument is concerned with this class alone, for it is this class and not the others which have created the problem. No evaluation positive or negative is implied by the exclusion of the others from consideration.

It is now necessary to evaluate the books of the class defined. They are good either (1) in themselves or (2) as means to some end which is judged good.

(1) In terms of any standard of excellence, whether it be the criterion of scholarship, of intellectual form, or of literary merit, it is unlikely that any group of technically competent judges would commend these works. Prudence requires that this be asserted merely as a statement of probability and statistics. It is memorable, however, that at time of publication each of the recognized popularizations was charged by one or more competent specialists with gross inaccuracy, unrelieved dogmatism, and vulgarity of presentation.

(2) But the popularizations are seldom praised or defended in terms of their intrinsic virtues. Rather the defense is made by reference to the service they render in the realization of a democratic ideal of society. Popular education seems to be the unfortunate burden of democracy. Democracy, it is claimed, depends upon the dissemination of knowledge, and scholarship and science can survive in a democracy only in so far as the people are educated. This is not the appropriate place to argue such claims. It can only be suggested that they derive their force from a political theory, and not from an empirical survey of the situation. Our present discussion must turn to a question that can be more readily answered. Granted that the popularization of knowledge is important in a democracy as an instrument of public education, can it be maintained that the defined class of books performs that function effectively?

I assert the negative, not as a fact but as a suspicion, the grounds for which may be stated as follows: (1) It is assumed not only that all individuals have equal right to education, but that they are equally susceptible to its persuasion. Whether or not there are profound native differences in intelligence, the fact of a wide range of intellectual ability in the population cannot be disputed. Democracy may insist that all should be free to read, and that every effort should be made to render knowledge available; but it would be absurd to insist that all men be given equal opportunity to understand what they read. Either a drastic program of eugenics, or a fundamental economic revolution, might make this possible, but not popularization. (2) These books inform rather than educate, if education be conceived as the alteration of the intellectual process and not merely as the inculcation of factual content. (3) These books indoctrinate. They not only fail in the most crucial aim of education, the liberation of the individual mind to become autonomous and critical; but worse, they achieve the very opposite. The dogmatic and simplified presentation of the data of knowledge, unaccompanied by insight into the methods and qualifications of the actual research, develops the stereotypes of a new mythology of science as a substitute for the myths of the older tradition. Myths in themselves are not to be deplored when they are taken as poetry, but the popularizations spread their mythology as a gospel. It is the Truth which is being disseminated, and it is to be believed with the genuflections of unquestioning faith. On these grounds, too briefly stated perhaps, I offer that popularizations not only do not satisfy the ends of education but are instead instruments of a new bias and bigotry, and are clouds that obscure the dawning of "creative intelligence" over the land —the central hope of the democratic philosophy.

But the democratic philosophy itself, so insidiously prevalent in current American thought, is far from being above question. If, instead of assuming that social democracy is the most desirable state of affairs, one made the equally possible postulate of an aristocratic convention there would be no ground whatsoever upon which popularizations could be praised. Even if they served in some slight manner to improve the great masses of the population, that would be a totally irrelevant and insignificant item. For the great masses would not matter; the intellectual tradition would be properly the possession and the care of the few who, by economic or eugenic good fortune, were capable of the task imposed upon them. Popularizations would be denounced not as socially evil, but merely on aesthetic grounds as ugly, crude, vulgar objects. The aristocrat would not attack them with Comstockian zeal; he would merely consider them with contempt, along with the tabloids and the public prints in general, as the shadows

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which those who are chained within the cave perforce must view. With platonic detachment he might spend an idle moment dreaming of that city in the skies from which the poets and the popularizers would be banished; but he certainly would not seriously pursue that project on earth.

Summarily let it be said that the value placed on popularizations depends first upon whether one or another social philosophy is arbitrarily assumed, and secondly upon the analysis of the precise educational service which they are capable of rendering. It has been here suggested, not asserted, that in none of these relations has the popularization any great positive value.

It must be admitted, according to the law of probability, that a popularization may be good in one way or another—as a stimulant to research, as the germ of a desire for more and better knowledge, as provocative of reflection, and, even though it be the humble hedonic good, as a source of recreation and amusement. But it must be remembered at the same time that popularizations may do evil as well as good, if there be any who agree that dogmatic indoctrination, the conversion of the masses to a new mythology, and the cultivation of an obstinate religiosity toward science are evil, or at least no less evil than the state of affairs which already obtains. Finally, it is submitted that apart from their questionable educational value these books are worthless, having no intrinsic excellence, no scholarly or literary justification.

Were it not for the fact that the issue has been raised in social terms, the attitude of ignoring these books entirely would recommend itself. It is, moreover, very doubtful whether the issue as stated is genuine. It may be largely the indirect result of phenomenal advertising successes. The pedants having protested, the populace defended its idols of the moment, and the regnant democratic philosophy transformed an easily explicable disagreement in taste into a social question—"Should not, must not, knowledge be popularized?"—the answer, as far as the facts go, may be Yes or No. But those whose secret faith it is that knowledge cannot be popularized without a degradation of its value will conclude that it is after all merely a rhetorical question.

Books

First Glance

THREE volumes have recently appeared by poetesses each of whom in her time has been considered radical, or in some other manner perplexing, and each of whom has gradually come to be accepted for better or for worse. It should be interesting to compare not only their work as now represented, but also their careers, in so far at least as these throw light upon the question what it means to be radical in poetry, and what it comes to in the end.

In the case of Amy Lowell, whose third posthumous collection, "Ballads for Sale" (Houghton Mifflin: $2.25), makes still longer the row of short, stout, clearly printed volumes which she must have wished to be her monument, I am afraid the question has little positive significance. Miss Lowell did little more—at any rate she does little more in "Ballads for Sale"—than display her energetic personality. It was refreshing to have this personality come once upon the scene, but there is not much to say about it any more. Here again she names over the flowers, the poets, and the objects she loves, and crackles in wrath against the things she hates. The tale, however, has been told—and we are forced to wonder whether, if it seems inconsequential in this retelling, it ever was of the first consequence. Whether, that is to say, a poet has not something better to do than talk ever on and on about himself, identifying the whims of his vision with the rules of art.

Miss Edith Sitwell, whose "Rustic Elegies" (Knopf: $2.50) is, I believe, the third of her eight volumes to appear in the United States, has been damned in England for her difficulty, though latterly, it would seem, the cry against her has either died down or been put down. It ought still to be permissible to say that she makes hard reading. With all her sophistication and sensitiveness, with all her attention to details of imagery and rhythm, with all her finely, thinly perfected art, Miss Sitwell dares you to understand her—and you do not. You perceive, perhaps, that she is engaged through most of her volumes in constructing, shell by shell, a delicate remote world where her fancy can be at peace, and you may have heard how certain aspects of this world are to be comprehended only when it is comprehended that she writes without footnotes of the Sitwell family's very old and interesting past. But so much will not make you at home among her bizarre images or explain who her curious persons are. Now Miss Sitwell is barely in her prime, and time may render clear what she has not. I suspect, however, that her case will seem to be something like Amy Lowell's. Miss Sitwell too is capitalizing a personality—not an energetic one at all, and one enormously more subtle than Miss Lowell's, yet still a thing unique in its essence. She is hard to get at. When we do get at her we shall, I fear, merely be getting at her limitations.

"H.D" grew up, poetically speaking, with Amy Lowell, and came to fame as soon. She too, I do not doubt for an instant, has been all the while making poetry out of her character—indeed, a remarkable work in prose fiction which she published last year is proof of this. But it is poetry with a difference, since it ends not in character, where all good poetry begins, but in communication. And the result can plainly be seen in "Hippolytus Temporizes" (Houghton Mifflin: $5), her major effort to date. It is a lyrical tragedy dealing with that youth passionate after purity whom Euripides wrote his best play about. The story has been much altered to suit the author's lyric purpose, and the whole emphasis has been shifted from Hippolytus himself to Artemis, whose words begin and end the poem. Hippolytus, far from escaping Phaedra's love, is tricked into enjoyment of it—thinking that he embraces Artemis. The tragedy is in the mind of Artemis, thus violated, and even more in her mind when Hippolytus, restored to life for a moment by Helios, says in delirium that it was the Cyprian he had embraced. Of the whole conduct of the drama, or of the many passages wherein gods and mortals break their brains with song, it would be futile to speak in this space. My point simply is that "H. D.," while writing still for a small audience, writes in truth for that audience and not for herself. That is at least one reason why she has achieved passion in her poetry rather than sentiment, and why it is better to ask not why a poet is radical but whether he is good.

MARK VAN DOREN

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"Al"

Alfred E. Smith. A Critical Study. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius. $3.

THIS book is what it purports to be—a critical study. It is as free from "bunk" as Governor Smith usually is free from that stock-in-trade of politicians and of our latter-day journalists. Mr. Pringle has really tried to give a correct portrait of the most interesting political figure of the day, and the one that he has drawn ought to be the official campaign biography, if there is to be one. He could have dramatized "Al," but he did not; neither does he, thank fortune, stress the worn-out story of the poor little fish-market boy who worked up from the sidewalks of New York. Probably his frank discussion of the Governor's shortcomings will make his text unavailable as a campaign document, so stupid are the usual campaign managers. To people of discernment this discriminating picture will be far more moving and convincing than any mere glorification.

Today, Mr. Pringle thinks, Governor Smith is unquestionably of Presidential timber. He does not believe that he was at the time of the Madison Square Garden convention in 1924, and as proof he quotes the Governor's dreadful speech at the close of that hapless gathering. He minces no words about that disastrous utterance, and throughout he does not suppress the fact that "Al" neither reads nor in any way cares for books—it is understood that nothing resembling a book is to be found in the Executive Mansion. In all frankness Mr. Pringle sets forth that "Al" has outgrown Oliver Street, and now prefers the Biltmore Hotel and the luxuries which he can now afford to buy. He also dwells on the Governor's ability to keep his mouth shut and lie very low—as he has been doing this past summer on all important issues which extend beyond the boundaries of his State. This biographer admits that there is a growing irritability in the once ever-genial subject of his book, and he is frank enough to admit that he is thoroughly scared lest the Governor allow himself to be talked into a pro-Volstead utterance. His tortuous prohibition record is here set forth in full.

Mr. Pringle admits that other people have written many of the Governor's public utterances for him and he has done a specially useful service in devoting a chapter to Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, "Al" Smith's guide, philosopher, and friend, who has done so much to educate him along the lines of social reform, has penned or edited many of his speeches, and, with her husband, has managed his later campaigns and generally sought to steer him in, however, the most unselfish and helpful spirit. The ordinary biographer would sedulously try to conceal these facts. Mr. Pringle has done well to bring them out, for if Mr. Smith should go to Washington it is most reassuring to know that he has such excellent taste in advisors and that his most confidential one is a Jewess known for her extraordinary ability, her social progressiveness, and her wise judgments. Mr. Pringle rightly praises Governor Smith to the skies for his admirable attitude in the days of post-bellum hysteria when he refused to be stampeded into thinking that Socialists have horns and that they should be denied Constitutional rights, and when he was brave enough to pardon Gitlow in the face of the whole 100 per cent American pack of baying hounds.

Altogether Mr. Pringle has done his job so well as to have made the case-hardened journalist who writes these lines think better of the Governor than heretofore. The only things he does not throw light on are just how many cocktails the Governor takes a day and whether or not it is true that his father's name was originally Schmidt and that he is, therefore, half Irish and half German. Mr. Pringle answers directly the doubts of those who think that this tobacco-spitting roughneck would be out of place in the White House by affirming a number of times that "Al" wears nice clothes, and the proper ones, and has learned how to conduct himself in the best society as well as on Oliver Street. He seems also to believe that "Al" has the equipment to deal with foreign problems. He traces religiously the man's evolution from a conventional tool of Tammany Hall to the four-term Governor who, many besides Norman Hapgood assert, is sure to win the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He rightly stresses the superb fight made by Smith against William R. Hearst in the Syracuse Convention of 1922, which he thinks the high-water mark of the Governor's achievements, and as marking the man's final rising above Tammany Hall—incidentally it was the final coup-de-grace to Hearst's political ambitions.

It is refreshing to get hold of a political book by a realist and truth-teller. Mr. Pringle looks behind the scenes and does not care who knows that he is quite aware that the Republican Party in New York State is just as crooked as the Democratic Party, only vastly more sanctimonious and hypocritical—and infinitely stupider. He is correct in believing that the Governor owes a tremendous debt to the shallow pates of Republican leaders who, like Messrs. Miller, Mills, and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., have done their best to improve "Al's" standing with the people by their extraordinary ineptitude and by the quality, or lack of any sound quality, of their opposition. Really Mr. Pringle's book is a picture of government in our Empire State as well as a biography, illumined by his own honest and caustic criticisms and comments. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Life of Joseph Conrad

Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters. By G. Jean-Aubry. Doubleday, Page and Company. Two volumes. $10.

IN these stately volumes M. Jean-Aubry assembles materials that the future biographer of Conrad will find indispensable, but he has scarcely done a biography himself. His work is too chaotic to be called that, and there are too many gaps in it. He is meticulous about names and dates, but often quite oblivious to the facts behind them. When and under what circumstances did Conrad study navigation—a study plainly presenting bristling difficulties to a young man of his meager education? Who were his teachers, if he had any? And when he came up for examination for his mate's certificate, how did he surmount the difficulty of his Russian citizenship? These may seem to be trivial things, but they were surely not trivial to Conrad, and the reader made privy to his life is apt to have a natural curiosity about them. But M. Jean-Aubry has nothing to offer, nor has he anything properly describable as light to offer upon many other important episodes of Conrad's life, including his marriage. About all we learn about Mrs. Conrad is that Conrad met her "at his friends 'the Hopes' "—but even the Hopes remain very shadowy, though it must have been G. F. W. Hope who first heard those marvellous tales that were later to become "Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and "Typhoon."

The letters are far more satisfying. There are gaps in them too, and important ones, but even as they stand they present a dramatic and often somewhat painful picture of Conrad's slow and laborious struggles as a writer. More than once he was so discouraged that he thought of abandoning the pen and going back to the bridge. Even so late as 1905, with half a dozen masterpieces behind him, he journeyed to Glasgow in the vain hope of getting a ship: it was in that year that Sir Edmund Gosse and William Rothenstein began their heroic efforts to get him a pension from the Civil List. M. Jean-Aubry is not clear as to when that pension was actually granted. In 1909, judging by a letter of Conrad to his agent, the late J. B. Pinker, it seems to have been withdrawn. In that year, confronted by a bill from his eldest son's schoolmaster, he stopped work on "Under Western Eyes" long enough to write

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an article for the London *Daily Mail*. He was paid twelve guineas for it, but found that he needed $25 more, and had to ask Pinker to advance it. Down to his last half dozen years he seems to have been chronically short of funds. "Typhoon" went begging, and the American and British serial rights to "Under Western Eyes" appear to have been sold for $1,200. When success was upon him at last, he reflected sardonically upon the fact that "The Planter of Malata," an unimportant short story, written to boil the pot, brought him in "eight times as much as 'Youth,' and six times as much as 'Heart of Darkness.'"

Conrad's domestic life was apparently very happy, but it would be greatly stretching the facts to call it placid. There was illness in the house almost continually, and the servant problem more than once interfered with the composition of masterpieces. Once the maid-of-all-work became so engrossed in twilight amours that she had to be discharged; this left Mrs. Conrad, who was ill, to cook and sweep, and Conrad, who was busy, to care for a sick child. That child remained ill for years. There was an endless succession of alarms and quarantines. Finally the French faculty at Montpellier advised mountain air, and the whole family moved to Geneva. But when whooping cough developed on the way, the Hotel de la Roseraie refused to take the pilgrims in, and for a couple of weeks they were imprisoned in some lesser hotel, "at the end of a corridor." It was all a great deal worse than the typhoons of the China Sea—nay, than the agues and poisoned arrows of the Haut-Congo. And in later years there were other and perhaps even more bitter afflictions, not mentioned by M. Jean-Aubry.

It would be silly, in a review of so homely a book about him, to offer any estimate of Conrad as an artist. The time, indeed, for such estimates is past. If he was not completely of the first rank, then all the literary standards that now prevail in the world are worthless. He will long outlast, I believe, his chief contemporaries. In his letters one encounters his generous and often lavish praise of Henry James, Stephen Crane, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and others. He was immensely greater than any of them. There was in him a surge and thunder that they could not hope to match. His strength was that of the old bards, but he remained preeminently a modern man—aloof, subtle, highly sophisticated, and wary of the very emotions that he evoked with such superb skill. Few greater story-tellers have ever been seen in the world. Consider "Youth," or "Heart of Darkness," or "Lord Jim," or "Victory." But it is too late to be considering them. They are massive and overwhelming facts. They belong among the permanent glories of the human species.

H. L. MENCKEN

A Call for A Commentator

Something About Eve: A Comedy of Fig-Leaves. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

SOONER or later there will have to be a Commentary on Cabell. The various introductions to his separate works are not enough. Even his own Scholia merely tantalize, with their lineages and ground-plans and, when it comes to details, their dexterous evasions. Moreover, every treatise that has so far tried the theme is too slight for its purposes. The Commentary on Cabell, when it comes, must be a packed, extensive work, an insolent dictionary, a delicate encyclopedia. It must contain dissertations on the Cabellian geography, chronology, mythology, metaphysic, and critical doctrine. It must abstract the plots, analyze the characters and trace them from book to book, and subtly, stubbornly interpret the symbolism. What other country as visitable as Poictesme is without its Baedeker?

Yet the thought of Baedeker troubles the prophet who concerns himself with Cabell. Any commentator stubborn enough to do the work demanded is almost certain not to be subtle enough. And any commentator subtle enough will have creative plans sufficient to keep his hands busy. The best that can presumably be hoped for is that somewhere there will occur a writer with all the insight and none of the personal ambition possible to his tribe, and that he will take up what his reviewers will be sure to call, though he must of course blush at the term, a labor of love. Unless, indeed, Cabell himself, during some seventh day when he is resting from his labors, may have the helpful impulse to call in a Poictesme Moses and dictate a Dizain des Pentateuques.

"Something About Eve," which has suggested this need of a general Commentary on Cabell, embarrasses the hand which finds itself obliged to deal with the new comedy in a page or less. Like each of Cabell's recent additions to the series, the part is deeply complicated with the whole. Gerald Musgrave, leaving Lichfield in the year 1805, sets out on a quest which more or less resembles the quests of Manuel and Jurgen. He has grown tired of his natural body, which is bored with the love of a good woman, and he wants to visit Antan (*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*), where, his illusions tell him, he is to be Redeemer and Emperor. He is, however, waylaid by several women, some in the costume and all in the image of Eve, and eventually he collapses into a respectable career. This is the true Cabell cycle for a hero to go through, and Gerald goes through it with familiar paces. The novelties lie in the details, which are diverse and bold, but also occasionally mystifying. Honest plain men will blunt their teeth on some of the details. Cabell experts will wriggle with satisfaction. They may as well admit, at the outset, that "Something About Eve" is a learned book. The unlearned reader will ordinarily have to learn something about Cabell before he can learn much about Eve. And by that time he will no longer be quite so unlearned as he was.

It is a pleasure to point out, for the benefit of the unlearned, that the moral of the romance is edifying. Gerald is, in his fashion, of the species of Galahad. He wants to be Lord of the Third Truth, which will take him beyond the Two Truths of which the burden is that men copulate and die and have no other careers. True, Gerald does not quite tell what he knows when he has got at the Third Truth, but he is relatively faithful to it. He aspires, and aspiration is edifying. He in the end becomes content, and contentment is edifying. "Something About Eve" is sound at the core. If now and then it stirs the senses, that is only its high spirits.

CARL VAN DOREN

Young America

The American Caravan: A Yearbook of American Literature. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. $5.

IF "The American Caravan" winds its way through the representative yeasty section of "fresh racy attacks" and an adumbrated "progressively broader expression of American life" in our contemporary letters, then it offers food for strange and conflicting conjecture. For instance, we are supposed to be in a poetic decline; yet half the 73 titles in this Leviathan of anthologies are poems (no less than 123 of them). We are supposed to have become critically self-conscious of our literary output; yet there is but one purely literary essay (and that a short one on Mr. T. S. Eliot) imbedded in the 843 pages of assembled material. The voices of women are supposed to be loud in our creative endeavors; yet there are but fifteen women represented to fifty-seven men. Of course, these hasty statistics mean nothing, for the only things that statistics prove are the birth and death rates and that statisticians are dull fellows.

Then, again, a number of causes limited "The American Caravan." There were the personal idiosyncrasies of the four editors, the scope of the material submitted to them, their evident determination, presumably, to keep out "established" fig-

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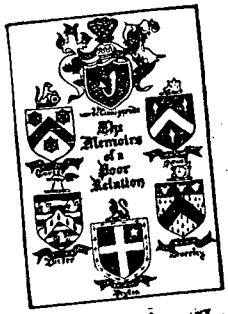

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ures (Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Masters, Sandburg, Millay, Wylie, Eliot, Anderson, Dreiser, Cabell), their announced objective of making up for "the passive and recessive attitudes of the leading magazines toward new fields of reality and fresh racy attacks" and "taboos . . on the character of literary work." Accepting these limitations one may turn to the tome with some degree of expectation.

That there is much here that will arouse the interest and stir the faculties goes without saying, for it would be impossible to bring together seventy-two young writers without a few sparks flying. There is life in "The American Caravan," a pulsing undercurrent of freshness, and if more often than not it fails to achieve itself we may, perhaps, lay it to a condition in the American scene that the editors might indignantly deny. They, at least, reveal a valiant front through the purpose of their endeavor. Their faith is undiminished in the liberality of the American literary scene, for they apparently see it as but stemmed by the choking influence of the typical magazine. It would be purposeless to inquire as to whether the "passive and recessive attitudes of the leading magazines" are volitional on the parts of fearful editors or the reflection of the American cultural scene itself. At the same time one may ask: since when did a group of magazines retard "a progressively broader expression of . . . life" when the reading public demanded that very thing?

It is my earnest belief (and an extraordinarily obvious one, it seems to me) that a national spirit in letters evolves from a majority demand, and by that majority I mean readers of literature and not the devourers of lollipops provided by popular purveyors of pseudo-literature. That easily-satisfied class will always be in a physical majority. Several steps above them in the scale of intelligence is the audience that evolves from its more or less unified demand a national letters. It is this audience that will accept or reject "The American Caravan." The greater part of Messrs. Brooks's, Kreymborg's, Mumford's, and Rosenfeld's compilation will be accepted, for there is nothing iconoclastic or unusual to bewilder that audience in it. A small proportion of the material will aggravate it because of the rebellious spirit more suggested than posited.

Now why is this rebellious spirit more suggested than posited? It is here that the editors will disagree with me. I do not believe that the American scene tends toward rebelliousness; it is satisfied with a slower evolution; it is marked by a restraint. Its representative poets, for instance, are Robinson and Frost and Millay; not Pound and Cummings and Marianne Moore. When a young man grows rebellious in this country he gets rather shrill about it. He is like the frightened boy going through the forest at night; he whistles too loudly. And he doesn't quite comprehend the tune because his impetus is an urge and not a purpose. It is so that I find the few determined young writers in "The American Caravan." The undercurrent pulses there, the urge is manifest, but they are encircled by a scene that is evolutionary and not rebellious. Their bravery becomes bravado, then, and they smash a few surfaces, break up a few verse-forms, intoxicate themselves with the jazz-spirit, raise their whistle to a loud shrill where sex is concerned, and thumb their noses a few times at the bland scene that, for the most part, ignores them.

It is not the "fresh racy attacks" that are most successfully consummated in "The American Caravan." It is rather the evolutionary matter, if such a description may be used. It is Paul Green's Supper for the Dead and Elizabeth Madox Roberts's Death at Bearwallow and Phelps Putnam's Ballad of a Strange Thing and Lyle Saxon's The Centaur Plays Croquet, to select, almost at random from this matter, a play, a short story of tragic implications, a poem, and a fantastic bit of fiction. Here, it seems to me, is the natural evolution of the American spirit in letters, a growing integrity, a courageous abandonment of sentimentality and subterfuge and "nicety" of thought and the swaddling bands of the Women's Guild tradition. Perhaps, on second thought, this type of work represents the "fresh racy attack" as it is applicable to the American scene.

But what becomes of the more "rebellious young men?" What are they to do if they are sincere and determined and willing to stake their careers upon an urge? There is only one thing they can do and that is to work from without in, to amalgamate themselves with the free European urges and destroy in so far as they are able the evolutionary American spirit. In the end they will cease to belong to a national tradition (if, indeed, they belong to it now) and will form part of an international urge that overlays and partakes of all national urges. Meanwhile the American spirit will continue to progress in an evolutionary manner while those freer spirits, finding themselves out of the woods, will not have to whistle so loudly to keep up their courage. "The American Caravan," then, may be offered as a fair example of the younger American surge forward with all its flaws and most of its virtues, and in being offered as such it may be offered as an implied limitation to pure art. HERBERT GORMAN

"America"

America. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright. $5.

IT would be futile to think of applying to Mr. Van Loon's book any of the tests that are commonly used to evaluate historical writing. In the proper sense of the term he is not, it must be admitted, an historian at all. He has certainly studied history a great deal, and as certainly knows a great deal about it; but one of the last distinctions that he probably would claim is that of having added anything of importance to the kind of knowledge of the past which it is the particular business of the historian to accumulate and arrange. His place, if he is really to be classed with anybody except himself, is with the parti-colored aggregation of social philosophers and moralists whose function it is to explain what the human adventure, or this or that phase of it, is all about, and how mankind may possibly hope to escape making as great a fool of itself in the future as it has often done heretofore. Such philosophies and moralizings, of course, are always personal, whether their subject be the freedom of the will, the relation of alcohol to literature or art, or the ultimate fate of a people under the combined influences of capitalism and birth control, and Mr. Van Loon's observations about history are at least as personal as any, and immensely more entertaining than most.

Not more than twenty pages of the book are likely to be read by the type of person who can consume with relish the nine volumes of McMaster or the seven or eight of Rhodes, or who drinks in documents and calendars as the veritable wine of the kingdom. To such Mr. Van Loon and all his works are an anathema, and an anathema they will probably remain. Fortunately, however, for Mr. Van Loon and his economic prospects, most readers of history in these days seem to prefer generalizations to data, pungent criticism to orderly narrative, and genial humor or irony to scientific appraisal, and for them this book offers a full money's worth. There is no resisting its jolly flings at hoary traditions, or its sweeping judgments of motives and acts, or its dramatic word-paintings of men and their ways. As for keeping to the beaten track, that is one of the least of Mr. Van Loon's worries, and the slightest suggestion sends him off among the byways and hedges, over the prairies or across the sea, anywhere, in fact, that holds a dictum or a laugh. Then, when the breathless chase has ended, he usually comes back to something that resembles the starting-point, with a reminder that but for Allah the little journey might have turned out worse, and a kindly hint that some of the unsightly things that have been observed may look better next time.

The story begins somewhere this side of the age of the Pharaohs, comes down more or less consistently to the end of the Civil War, and closes with some observations and prophe-

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cies through which are woven a number of events of more recent date. Having already told the story of mankind, it is natural to find Mr. Van Loon dwelling at length upon what have been called the "European origins" of American history, and throughout his march he switches us rapidly from America to Europe and from Europe to America as he explores the chasm from which these present times have emerged. It would be superfluous to point out, at this late day, that he has no illusions about the loftiness of human motives or the plain honesty of much human conduct, but his spacious iconoclasm has mellowed since he first began striking out among the images and monuments, and if the priests and the Puritans still get their deserts, so also, but in fine and generous temper, do the Quakers and the Dutch, King George and "those Adamses," Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln.

In short, "America," for all its sprightly daring and its occasional intimations of swashbuckling, reveals Mr. Van Loon as an optimist. He confesses, in his final chapter, that he is not "an inordinate admirer of that state of mind," and admits that "nature is not interested in happy endings," yet it is with a happy ending that he takes his leave. America has floundered through materialism and found it wanting, just as Europe found it wanting in the World War, and for the moment the outlook is chaos, but the future of civilization is nevertheless in America's keeping, and the hope of America is its Younger Generation. To that Younger Generation, as to such of the elders as may be induced to join with youth in reading what Mr. Van Loon has written, these fifty-odd chapters and six score drawings (the latter a brilliant and often deeply moving commentary upon the text) may be commended as cheerfully and confidently as a rubric commended the once popular Ripans Tablets: "No matter what's the matter, one will do you good."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Pathos of Distance

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN one of his literary essays Havelock Ellis drew a useful distinction between what he called the Nordic and the Celtic treatments of the past. The uninstructed reader of Homer might, he pointed out, very reasonably suppose that the poet was contemporary with the events which he described, whereas in the case of any Celtic epic it is always perfectly evident that the author is dealing with things which, for him as well as for the reader, are remotely picturesque. The Greeks, in other words, preferred to treat the past as though it were present because they were interested in a dramatic immediacy, but the Celts deliberately evoked the pathos of distance because that pathos was to them the essence of poetry.

Now I am by no means certain that this distinction upon the basis of race is valid; perhaps it would be safer to speak merely of the heroic and the elegiac moods; but certainly the distinction itself is of fundamental importance and it is, moreover, the one which serves better than any other to define the particular quality of Miss Cather's work. Though she is absorbed in what would be to another the heroic past of our continent, her mood is that which Ellis would call the Celtic. She has upon occasion evoked her own memories, and one would expect to find in them the softness of remembered things, but even when her stories are rather documented than recalled she manages to invest documents with the wistful remoteness of recollected experience and to make past things vivid, less because they are present in the heat and sweat of actuality than because some softened memory of them seems to be. Not Calliope nor Melpomene is her muse but rather she who was called the mother of them all, and she is always at her best when that fact is most clearly recognized.

Certainly her newest story—concerned with the life of a missionary bishop to the newly annexed territory of New Mexico—would be in the hands of another something quite different from that which she has made it. These were stirring, adventurous times; many writers might feel that they could be recaptured only in some exciting and dramatic narrative; but Miss Cather softens the epic until it becomes an elegy. In recounting the lives of her characters she chooses by preference their moments of calm reflection; when she wishes to throw the long tradition of the priesthood into relief against the primitive background of the new land, she seizes upon some contrast that is deep without being violent; and she sees everything as one sees it when one broods or dreams over the past. The tumult and the fighting reach us but dimly. What we get is the sense of something far off and beautiful—the picturesqueness and the fragrance of the past more than the past itself, pictures softened by time and appearing suddenly from nowhere.

In a garden overlooking Rome, a cardinal drinks his wine and discusses the appointment of a new bishop for a vague and distant see. That bishop, come all the way from the Great Lakes, struggles with the paganism of his priests, rides miles over the desert to perform a belated marriage ceremony over the Mexicans whose children he has baptized, or dreams of the cathedral which shall some day rise in the savage land; but at night he cooks himself a soup with "nearly a thousand years of history" in it and in the sense of these vanished contrasts lies the effect of the book.

> After supper was over and the toasts had been drunk, the boy Pablo was called in to play for the company while the gentlemen smoked. The banjo always remained a foreign instrument to Father Latour; he found it more than a little savage. When this strange yellow boy played it, there was softness and languor in the wire strings—but there was also a kind of madness; the recklessness, the call of wild countries which all these men had felt and followed in one way or another. Through clouds of cigar smoke, the scout and the soldiers, the Mexican *rancheros,* and the priests, sat silently watching the bent head and crouching shoulders of the banjo player, and his see-sawing yellow hand, which sometimes lost all form and became a mere whirl of matter in motion, like a patch of sandstorm.

Even when Miss Cather strives most consciously to give to her books a narrative movement there is likely to be something static or picture-like about her best effects, and when she falters it is usually in the effort to carry the reader from one to the other of the moments which rise like memories before her. In the present instance she has nothing that could properly be called a plot, but she is wisely content to accept the fact and to depend upon the continuous presence of beauty rather than upon any movement to hold the interest of the reader. When things are recalled in the mood of elegy there is no suspense and they do not take place one after the other because, all things being merely past, there is no time but one. And so it is in the case of "Death Comes for the Archbishop." It is a book to be read slowly, to be savored from paragraph to paragraph, and it is quite the most nearly perfect thing which its author has done since "A Lost Lady."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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History of the Ancient World. By Michael Rostovtzeff. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $10.

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many thousands of statements those which may safely be regarded as true and of eliminating those which are manifestly untrustworthy. This is difficult enough in itself because "the memory of man is short and his imagination fertile," as Professor Rostovtzeff has put it. To this primary difficulty two exacting tasks must be added, that of arranging in a comprehensible sequence the facts once established and selected for use; and that of expressing the delicate reactions and relations of one fact with another or with a given group. Thus it will be evident to the reader of Professor Rostovtzeff's introductory chapters that historical writing is today a technician's job.

The task which Professor Rostovtzeff has set himself in these two volumes is that of making intelligible to the reading public the course followed by the vigorous, productive, and brilliant civilization of antiquity from its Egyptian and Babylonian beginnings until a new type of civilization succeeded it. Obviously Professor Rostovtzeff regards the civilization of antiquity, when broadly conceived, as a unit, or at least as capable of presentation, for historical purposes, as a unit. In this aspect as a whole ancient civilization would stand in contrast with the west and north European civilization which has been developing since antiquity. Under the religious banner of Christianity the later civilization has produced different modes of thought and different types of cultural expression from the ancient. One must agree with Professor Rostovtzeff that the new forms which appeared in the centuries immediately following the period from 200 to 350 A.D., as compared with the old, were decidedly primitive. But the reader who has immersed himself deeply in the history of the early Middle Ages may not be willing to follow him to the point of believing that there was a "steady reversion of civilized man to the primitive state of barbarism," as the author has declared in the final chapter of his second volume. Probably we will move faster and further toward an understanding of the end of ancient civilization if we avoid all such terms as "decay," "decline," or "dissolution," and deal with the shifting of the centers of economic and cultural gravity from the Mediterranean littoral to the new geographic areas of western and northern Europe. These new areas were inhabited by peoples of different physical and mental stamp and of different traditions, which were of course primitive. This method of approach would approximate that established by Frederick Jackson Turner for American history—the movement of the frontiers of civilization and the results upon the new areas and the new peoples, and upon the old as well, of that movement.

This admirable survey of the entire stretch of ancient history was originally written in Russian. It has been translated in English by Mr. J. D. Duff—exceedingly well translated, as the directness and simplicity and clarity of the style indicate. It embodies the knowledge and the points of view gained through a lifetime of devotion to the problems of ancient history by a vigorous and penetrating intelligence. There are perhaps a dozen or more living men who could write an historical summary of these three thousand years which would be satisfactory in the mastery and the arrangements of the facts. There are certainly not more than three men who could do it with so complete a control of all those many factors which go to make up civilizations, who could so well balance the political, social, and economic factors involved, or carry the reader through the long vista of years and events with a vigor so constantly sustained.

Two elements of Professor Rostovtzeff's method of presentation are particularly striking. He is a believer in the use of handiwork of men in the arts and crafts, commonly called archaeological material, as a powerful aid to the understanding of the life of antiquity. His knowledge of the museum materials in all parts of the world is vast. The publishers of these two volumes have been generous in their allotment of space to this end. The author is a past master in the art of applying and interpreting the many full-page illustrations which appear. Each of these has, facing it, a clear explanation of the subject presented. None of these plates contains trivial or useless pictures; and the reproductions are unusually clear. It is pleasant to note that Professor Rostovtzeff has made use of the materials which are to be found in increasing amount in the larger museums of the United States.

It has become a commonplace of historiography, as it is practiced nowadays, first to present the political development of the various peoples who must appear for consideration in a given series of years, a century perhaps or more, and to follow this by a summary of the greater social and economic trends which distinguish the period thus treated as a unit. This method Professor Rostovtzeff has already used in his splendid scientific book of two years ago upon the "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire." The same method is employed in his present summary. He accentuates the similarities of social movements in the various areas which must be treated. This he follows by an evaluation and explanation of the local variations from the general tendencies already laid down. Thus he avoids the danger of generalizations which may be true as generalizations but blur over one-half the truth lying in the detailed divergencies. The author of these volumes is not a sociological impressionist.

The work is dedicated to the University of Wisconsin, where the author for five years held the chair of ancient history. In the preface he pays, in simple words, a tribute to his former colleagues and to his former students of that university. It does great honor to all the parties concerned, and it is particularly useful just now to note that an eminent scholar of foreign training and experience has met with a sympathetic hearing from American college students. They have indeed many sound qualities. Among these is a ready appreciation of ability and of any sincere devotion to the task of teaching them.

WILLIAM LINN WESTERMANN

Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair: A Study in Social Protest. By Floyd Dell. George H. Doran Company. $2.

ALL real biographies are epitaphs. One must die to enjoy the luxury of biographical renown. Great biographies are experiments in dissection, and both law and morals forbid the vivisection of living people. This thought, I am confident, was in Mr. Dell's mind when he wrote his biography of Upton Sinclair, and explains, perhaps, why it is so formal and literary. He says, indeed: "The biographical details in these pages are intended to be subordinate to the critical study of his development as a certain kind of writer—a describer, critic, and prophet of modern industrial America."

In other words, Mr. Dell's study of this great and forceful critic of our civilization is essentially an extended literary review, an essay on Upton Sinclair's intellectual development and literary achievements. With these limitations it is a book of excellent qualities, not only in style and manner, but also in perception. Mr. Dell does not tell his readers much about Upton Sinclair as a person, but what he does tell is extremely informative, even to those who, like myself, have been reading Upton Sinclair's books for twenty years. I never knew, until Mr. Dell told me, that Upton Sinclair was the son of a whiskey salesman, although I knew that he was a Southerner by birth, and that his uncle had been in the Confederate navy.

Nor did I know that part of his boyhood was spent in New York boarding houses, waiting with his anxious mother for his father to come home. At that time the elder Sinclair had begun to consume his own merchandise in large quantities, and his home-coming was entangled in the myths of numerous barrooms. These facts are instructive, and through Mr. Dell's story I see Upton Sinclair much more clearly than I had ever seen him before.

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As a youth he was highly strung—neurotic, in my opinion—vivid, intelligent, sensitive, poverty-stricken. The component of these spiritual forces is the impulse that makes great men or little ones. People who are so tortured are never mediocre and complacent. They either take wings and soar away into dangerous skies—or, if they are too weak to fly, they are ground to dust under the heel of civilization.

At that time—in Upton Sinclair's early maturity—American literature lay becalmed in a sort of Sargasso Sea of the intellect. Books were on a level with needle-work. To write for respectable people it was not enough to be merely light and mushy; one had to be sweet as well. It was in this period that Hamilton Wright Mabie published his carefully prepared "White List of Books," and his standard was sweetness and light. The successful novels of the day were concerned mainly with sexless young ladies of the best families and well-bred youths who made good enormously in business and then sought the colorless virgins as their wives. Courtship and lovemaking were expressed in the literature of the time as a progress through a net of childish difficulties. Sometimes kind old gentlemen appeared in these books, fatherly dotards full of platitudes passing for aphorisms; and now and then one encountered in them a sensible dog, with eyes that were almost human.

In 1906, Upton Sinclair, then grown into a rebel devoid of fear, and without respect for tradition, came upon the scene with a novel called "The Jungle." This tremendous book said something, and it stood out like a muscular and hairy fist among the current literary confections. I remember reading "The Jungle" at one gulp, with an interest that I can only describe as breathless. It caused me to turn to a prolonged study of socialism. In the end it made me a radical socialist, which I have been from that day to this. In the twenty years that have passed since "The Jungle" first appeared I have read it several times again; and in my judgment it is one of the few really great novels that have been written in America.

Strange to say, "The Jungle" became an immediate best-seller, to the surprise of its author and everybody else. Its success was due not, however, to its great literary merit, but simply to the revelations that it made of conditions in the meat-packing establishments of Chicago. Upton Sinclair had worked long enough as a laborer in a packing establishment to learn conclusively that diseased and contaminated meat was sold in handsome tins bearing labels on which the words "tasty" and "delicious" were displayed in advertising splendor.

The book entered the most velvety homes. The respectable readers of the "White List of Books" laid down "Beverly of Graustark" and picked up "The Jungle," delicately and with gloves. The poignant tragedy of the immigrant community which Sinclair described was lost on them, and his socialistic pages were doubtless skipped, but they read what he said about those shiny cans of potted ham they had in the pantry; and when father came home they showed the book to him. Father read it and wrote to his Congressman about the poisoning of a whole nation, nefarious traffic, and so on—unless he was financially interested in meat-packing himself. The uproar could not be stopped. There was a Congressional investigation, and in the end grudging improvements.

Upton Sinclair had become an author of world-wide celebrity, though even then in discussing him in bourgeois circles it was usually agreed that he was, after all, a fanatic; and that the whole thing should have been handled more quietly; that is, with more regard for investments.

Since then he has been called everything from a publicity seeker to a plain liar. He admits that he is a publicity seeker—and with reason, for the only way a radical of his vehemence and indignation can be heard at all is by doing something that gets him on the front page of the newspapers. As to his being a liar, no one has ever proved it, though many have tried. But as his reputation and influence are growing, no doubt more determined efforts will be made in the future.

He stands today as one of the great and heroic figures of our time, and I do not use these words loosely. One of the chief elements of greatness is the courageous handling of great, though forbidden, ideas—and Sinclair has spent his life in doing that. It is this quality that distinguished Savonarola, Spinoza, Samuel Adams, and William Lloyd Garrison. He is a great literary man because he deals habitually with great causes in a masterly manner; and he is heroic because he has not flinched at contumely and poverty in a land where success is a religion and poverty is a disgrace.

One is impressed, in reading Mr. Dell's biography, with the amazing industry of Upton Sinclair's career. He has produced thirty-eight books—some of them called pamphlets—on all kinds of subjects. He is irrepressible, indignant, and bold. His books have been censored, vilified, banned, and burned by the common hangman. Even today, after he has become a celebrity of whom the nation ought to be proud, we hear of the Watch and Ward Society of Boston attempting to keep his latest novel, "Oil," from spreading its radical virus among the prim and timid citizens of a commonwealth that has recently degraded itself by executing two men in the face of the enlightened opinion of the world.

W. E. WOODWARD

Among the Arabs: Traveller and Tourist

Oriental Encounters. By Marmaduke Pickthall. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Adventures in Arabia. By W. B. Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

TO evaluate properly these two books it is well to emphasize that now, as in Pickthall's time, as improper a conception of alienage has prevailed among the Arabs individually as in a different way prevails collectively often in our own State Department. The Arabs are suspicious one hundred percenters, and often the police power has been largely inoperative in large parts of the Near East. In the more inhabited parts of Syria, Irak, and Mesopotamia in the vicinity of the greater cities there is comparative safety, but there are still stretches of the Arabian peninsula proper which remain terra incognita despite a long line of explorers from Niebuhr and Burckhardt and the tempestuous Burton. The Near East thus demands something of a true adventurer and traveller. It still remains the inspiration of a literature of escape—as much for the sophisticate who wants his "Arabian Nights" straight and u expurgated as for the hundreds of thousands who thrilled t the late Valentino. A more or less sedentary Westerner will judge a book about the Arabs rather more as literature than as document. He simply has to know what he likes.

Marmaduke Pickthall did not perhaps venture into the more inaccessible places, but he did penetrate into the innermost recesses of the Arab mind. The casual sketch book of his adventures which he modestly calls "Oriental Encounters" is literature of a high order. He belongs indeed to the long line of Englishmen, adventurers and men of letters, who have been attracted to the East and established almost an Arabian tradition in English literature. They are, perhaps, in Divine Providence, one of the justifications of British imperialism, which has turned the minds of Englishmen generally toward the East. Like the poet Flecker, Pickthall had dreamed of the East in his boyhood, and he experienced no disillusionment after he reached the scene. "Oriental Encounters" recounts his wanderings in Syria and the Palestinian hills from 1894 to 1896, when he came to love and intuitively to understand the Arab psyche as few have done. His method was that of the true traveller: it was simply to loaf and invite his soul. At an early stage he picked up the zealous Raschid, securing his release from the Turkish Army, and with him as a retainer and with the more occasional company of his wise friend Suleyman, the Dragoman, whom every incident reminded of a story and who never paused to say "Stop me if you've heard this one," he spent his leisurely days among town and desert Arabs, avoiding

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his own countrymen. He spoke a fluent Arabic and his encounters were productive of tales that are rare and perfect in the manner they hit off Arab character and customs. In tone they are quiet and intimate and with no traces of usual oriental cliches, nor dependent upon usual tricks of local color. "Oriental Encounters" will enlarge the Pickthall cult which arose locally with the publication of "Said, the Fisherman." When there are no longer such Arabs as Pickthall's, it will be necessary to invent them.

Mr. Seabrook and his book are remarkable, too, but in a much different way. "Adventures in Arabia" is the sort of book which will knock Main Street off its feet. Mr. Seabrook, too, dreamed of the golden road to Samarkand, and in his youth made a futile attempt to get there as a stowaway. He vowed when he was caught in Naples and beaten that some day he would make the journey in comfort and style. The moment of that oath the adventurer died. He subsequently married and opened a coffee-shop in Greenwich Village, where he prospered. In his leisure he studied Arabic, and as luck would have it, into his place one night walked Daoud Izzedin, Arab and Druze. He knew, it appeared, just the right Sheiks of Sheiks. We next find him discharging the obligations of the Bohemian life in the tents of the wild Beni Sakr in the desert! He was almost robbed on the way but his letters of introduction saved him. After leaving the Beni Sakr he spent his time in Syria and Mesopotamia from Beirut to Baghdad rushing breathlessly about among the Druses, Whirling Dervishes, and Yezidee Devil-Worshippers. With the exception of his rather more perilous visit to the Beni Sakr, he always had his wife Katie at his side. Everywhere he kodaked as he went and his book is full of gorgeous photographs. He never tires of paying his tributes to Arab hospitality, and he collected innumerable souvenirs and trophies. He risked his life several times, but mostly through mismanagement. In short, he accomplished the remarkable feat of being a tourist in Arabia! His book is full of the spectacular and weird and contains some passionate Arabian love stories as interludes. But for him were not the austerities of a Doughty or the intimacies of a Pickthall, and always, alas, he remained outside looking in.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Strangely American

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE creators of the civilization of the Mississippi Valley have furnished a consistent stumbling-block in the way of artistic interpretation. The difficulty has been the usual American difficulty—that of securing the necessary detachment. The obvious trouble with Cooper, Bret Harte, Hamlin Garland, Mark Twain was that they were themselves too clearly marked with the tar-brush of the frontier. This unhappy incorporation of themselves with their subject-matter forced them to schematize the pioneer spirit with which they dealt. They envisaged it sentimentally in terms of courage, kind-heartedness (or brutality), stoicism, rough humor. With the epic simplicity inevitable in all primitive recording, they projected the frontier in terms of action, incident, and adventure. The result of this elementary approach has been clearly indicated by a number of critics: we have been presented with a gaudy melodrama which arose largely as a defense reaction against the possible sneers of cultured European critics. They dared to call us a rough people! We would show them that we were even rougher than their feeble imaginations could conceive, magnificently rough, with all the extravagant virtues pertaining to a complete state of roughness.

Posed against this traditional interpretation the importance of "The Grandmothers" becomes clear. Mr. Wescott's very beautiful and moving chronicle (for only out of courtesy to the rules of the Harper Prize Contest can it be termed a novel) is possibly the first artistically satisfying rendition of the soul of an American pioneer community and its descendants. Native intelligence and a receptivity to the subtleties of the continental novel-aesthetic combine in him to make his chronicle delicately psychological rather than rudely narrative, despite the fact that on the surface the book is but a compound of a dozen short stories. These same qualities exclude the possibility of sentimentality; although this is presumably a history of the author's own ancestors there is not a single apologetic or lyrical note in the volume. Finally, by grouping his stories about a family, or rather two families, the Towers and the Duffs, he is enabled to express what no history with an individual hero could ever express—the spirit of a people who, existing among primitive conditions, were forced as a preservative measure to emphasize loyalty to the clan.

Nevertheless the delicacy of Mr. Wescott's perceptions prevents him from committing Galsworthy's error. There is no insistence on "family traits." Here we have the seemingly irreconcilable stories of a dozen individuals whose careers extend from about 1830 almost to the present. Loosely connected by the fact that their protagonists are related by blood or marriage, these stories are superficially unified in that they are all seen through the eyes of young Alwyn Tower, to whom the stories are told by his grandmother. Yet despite this apparent structural vagueness something emerges at the end which is convincingly the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon Protestants who moved westward from New York and New England and settled the Mississippi Valley.

They were all aristocrats, these Duffs and Towers, possessing the fundamental characteristic of all aristocrats—sensitivity. Grand-aunt Nancy, married to a husband who smelt of cattle, could go mad; Uncle Leander could consume himself with life-long remorse because his brother Hilary had quarrelled with him in a Civil War camp and then disappeared forever; Grandfather Tower, remembering the early days of peril and physical labor whose quality he could never hope to communicate to his posterity, could shut himself up in a strange relentlessness and reticence. They were a passionate people, but a people whose passion was curbed by an austere Puritan morality. Those who rebelled against that morality, like the deserter Evan Tower, rebelled greatly and paid for that rebellion with the loss of their communal heritage. Those who obeyed the morality obeyed it at the cost of profound inhibitions, living ultra-vivid interior careers which were denied outward expression. All of them were strange and lived strange lives; yet all of them were strangely American and lived strangely American lives, conditioned by farm and forest, Bible and Mayflower compact, a common unexpressed faith in the future of a new continent.

The stories of these lives, carefully and simply set down, acquire a saga-like poetry because they are not so much told as remembered, seeming to have passed through the minds of many generations before they are recorded by young Alwyn; and in that slow migration they have taken on the incalculable richness and color that come with the passage of years. The author tells us that one of the elements leading him to write this book was the spectacle of contemporary America, a country where "no tragic arts might flourish." This melancholy description is happily contradicted by his own work—a chronicle, beautifully tragic, of a race which has, in the year of grace 1927, all but vanished from the soil it tilled and the broad country to which it gave birth.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Law and War

The Outlawry of War. By C. C. Morrison. With a foreword by John Dewey. Willett, Clark, and Colby. $3.

PERHAPS the first thing to be said about this book is that it is the most comprehensive and convincing argument for the Levinson-Borah plan for the outlawry of war which has

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appeared in print. But it is more than that. It is a rousing militant challenge from a pacifist to his fellow pacifists to support the "American" plan of the outlawry of war as the way out of the frustration which has come upon them in consequence of their devotion to various "European" schemes for preserving the peace. (This appeal to American patriotism has at times a naively chauvinistic sound which the author scarcely intended but which will hardly recommend his book abroad.)

Everybody knows, who is likely to read this review at all, that the essence of the Levinson plan of which Dr. Morrison makes himself the lusty champion is that it would make war as an institution illegal, put it outside the pale of civilized usage just as dueling is now outside the pale in individual conduct. The right of self-defense for nations as for individuals would remain. The process involves three steps: A solemn treaty outlawing war, another treaty setting up a code of international law drafted by experts, and a third establishing an international court of justice. The effect will be revolutionary but not, in the opinion of the author, impossibly revolutionary. One nation might successfully take the initiative, especially if that nation were the United States. Even failure in the first attempt would have a tremendous educational value and give us a far more realistic knowledge than we now possess of the difficulties in the way of peace.

For the most part Dr. Morrison is constructive and convincing in building up his case for the practicability of the Levinson plan. He builds no mere castle of dreams. And certainly he lays about him vigorously and effectively to destroy the dream castles of advocates of rival plans. He is both caustic and convincing in discussing the inevitable weaknesses of every plan to enforce peace by military sanctions. Such plans, no less than the outlawry of war, rest upon the good faith of the nations which adopt them. And good faith is more likely to work in the expectation of peace than of war.

I finished the book with real gratitude to the author and a new conviction that the outlawry of war furnishes the most practicable single plan for the furthering of peace. Nevertheless, although the outlawry of war may be the best medicine for the sickness of the world, it is by no means a panacea. The inestimable blessing of peace cannot be bought at so cheap a price as Professor Dewey in his thoughtful foreword and Dr. Morrison suggest. They trust far too much to law, or to what Dr. Morrison calls the "juridical approach." In consequence he minimizes unduly the importance of the moral aspect of the peace problem and popular feeling on wars of self-defense. He deals cavalierly with the search for the causes of war. He says with some truth that the existence of the war system is itself the most important cause of war. But to dismiss the whole problem of the causes of war by this suggestive statement is dangerously inadequate.

Nowhere does Dr. Morrison recognize that international law based on existing treaties by no means conforms to justice. It is the moral code of the strong. The grievances of exploited peoples are imbedded in treaties and customs which any code and any court would have to recognize as legal. To find these injustices frozen into a solemn code of law might serve to increase the bitterness of the victims out of which in time violent revolt will arise. The vague assurance that the code can be revised from time to time will not be enough—for instance, for the Chinese in their struggle against the Western Powers. I can see nothing in the outlawry of war which will automatically solve the problems of imperialism or deal with such shameful acts as America's recent intervention in Nicaragua—an act which we have never even recognized as war.

Dr. Morrison thinks that we would let Nicaragua and Mexico alone were it not for the existence of the war system which makes us anxious about our own defense. He is only partly right. The removal of the war system would indeed remove the argument that to defend ourselves we must subdue our neighbor. It might also lessen the urge of strong nations to acquire under their own flag every sort of raw material so that they may be self-dependent in time of war. In other words, the outlawry of war is distinctly useful in the struggle against imperialism, which is the fruitful cause of war. But of itself it will not end that greed for profit and that sense of superiority which have more to do with the presence of our marines in Nicaragua than the protection of the Panama canal against hypothetical enemies. Nations which are content to accept a politico-economic system which legalizes the constant, systematic, and often violent exploitation of certain groups and classes of men by others cannot expect to exorcise the demon of war by any mere juridical approach. Just as the Dred Scott decision of our Supreme Court was in itself a contributary cause of the Civil War, so may some similar decision of a world court precipitate violent and passionate revolt in years that are to come. To say that such a revolt will not be "legalized" as our present war system is "legalized" will be cold comfort to those who want to get rid not only of a legal institution but of a tragic reality.

This undue dependence of advocates of the outlawry of war upon legal processes is strikingly illustrated by the fantastic extreme to which they press the analogy between war and dueling. Actually the analogy is very imperfect. Duels as distinct from the earlier judicial combats from the Middle Ages down into the nineteenth century were seldom resorted to as a means of settling tangible grievances for which legal processes might have been a substitute. Men would have died of ridicule if they had carried before judges most of the ridiculous disputes for which they faced death on "the field of honor." Moreover, a decree in France, the classic home of dueling, made it punishable by death as early as 1602. Laws against dueling were far more ineffective than any Volstead Act until a different public opinion, due mainly to the economic fact of the rise of the bourgeoisie, made law at once effective and relatively unnecessary. The history of dueling proves the inadequacy not the adequacy of Dr. Morrison's juridical approach.

To point out these weaknesses in a strong case is not to detract from the merit of "The Outlawry of War." It is only to urge that if the outlawry of war is to be made possible or effective it must be treated as one move in a great campaign against not only a legal institution of war, but a politico-economic system of which war is the natural fruit. I should be willing to cooperate gratefully and gladly with the powerful advocates of the outlawry of war, but I should always reserve the right to remind them that our gigantic American empire will have to pay a bigger price for peace than mere consent to the Levinson-Borah plan for the outlawry of war. That plan, I repeat, remains the most practicable immediate step before the country.

NORMAN THOMAS

Master of Marine

Navigator: The Story of Nathaniel Bowditch. By Alfred Stanford. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

TWO or three men have given their proper names to books of information or reference. Euclid means geometry. Every American knows what you mean when you speak of looking a word up in your Webster. Every English-speaking officer on sailing-ship or steamship knows his "Bowditch," the title of which is "The American Practical Navigator." And versions based on this classic exist in other languages. Mr. Stanford in a fascinating narrative, which is part fact and part the kind of fiction more illuminating than fact, has reconstructed Bowditch's character and given the spirit which animated his extraordinary epoch-making work. For Bowditch revolutionized the art of sailing and made the supremacy of the American navy, merchant and fighting, a hundred years ago. Stanford has done a beautiful piece of work; there are passages in this book which are as vivid and essentially poetic as anything in Loti or Conrad.

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And—more important—this extraordinary genius comes alive.

What Bowditch did, if a landlubber can explain it, was to put sailing, course-directing, steering, the map of the sea on an accurate, scientific basis. Before Bowditch navigating was haphazard guess-work. Since Bowditch an officer (or a common seaman) can figure out by Bowditch the spot on the ocean where he is at any moment; he can tell within a few minutes when he is due to make port, and with the recent developments of wireless telegraphy, he can report an accident to himself or other ships and the location and drift of icebergs.

Bowditch was a strange fellow, a born genius, persistently, obstinately, doggedly carrying out the work that he had determined to do. I know of no character in biography or fiction more convincing, more human than the person that Stanford has recreated. I shall not tell the story of Bowditch because I want to be a literary navigator and steer a whole ship-load of readers on Stanford's ship to port. The reader will find not only the man admirably drawn, but his friends and family and others not so friendly, the "atmosphere" of old Salem and the Yankee and his awful limitations done to perfection.

Bowditch was not a very lovable person. He was self-centered, independent as a hog on ice, very sensitive, close at times, as I gather from Stanford's book, though he does not say so, to attacks of neurosis, but with a perfectly terrific will in a weak body. With no training, no schooling beyond the primary grades, he made himself a master of mathematics, that is, the kind of mathematics that he needed to teach people how to sail ships. He found his townsmen—almost all the more prosperous ones of course, were captains, mates, or owners—ignorant of their job, which was steering a ship. And with his logical arithmetical mind Bowditch said that the simplest way to get from one point to another is by a straight line. So he taught the world of seamen how to draw a straight line, as straight as you can get it on our bulging globe. It sounds simple. But it was not simple as a theoretical or practical matter. For Bowditch had nothing to go on except the astronomy, general mathematics, and geography of the time, and his neighbors thought him an unpractical dreamer and fool. Toward the end of his life he was recognized and duly honored. But that was after his work was done, and he might have said with Johnson, had it been early it had been kind. But the man, for all his difficulties and a sort of sadness that pursues him and his loves to the end of his days, was not unhappy. For he was possessed by his idea. And he literally lived in figures, even the figures of business, in which he was not unsuccessful but rather shrewd.

His final triumph, the local victory in Salem, not his world fame, is somewhat comically dramatic. He was master of a ship, being a practical sailor as well as a man of figures. When his ship was due in Salem there was a terrible storm and everybody thought it must be lost. But he sailed in quite calmly and explained to his anxious wife and friends: "I simply was fortunate in having unusually good observations before the storm closed in. That and a fine compass served me." So Bowditch who filled countless reams of paper with calculations saved his life because the calculations were facts. And it is not too much to say that thousands of sailors have owed their lives to Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem.

I cannot do more than suggest the beauty of this book, its literary charm, its style (I am told that Mr. Stanford hates style and art and wishes to be known only as an honest workman). But I can give a taste of it by quoting the last paragraphs, at which the reader will arrive if he opens this book at all:

> Nat caught the dark swirl of snow against his face gratefully. He would walk out the Danvers road, on the way to the meadows, before he went home. He would stop for a while at Elizabeth's grave.
>
> Then he would go on, his footfalls hushed by the deep soft snow. . . . A slight eddy of fine flakes seemed to form in the air about him. His heart warmed the blood in him at this friendly touch.
>
> The forces that had come into this frail body of Nat

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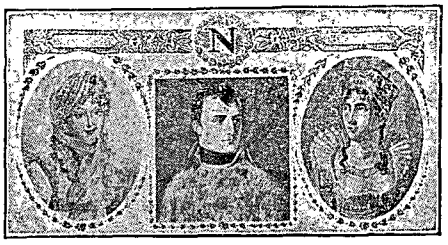

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Bowditch, so many years ago in the meadows, the world that had given him his life to lead with such intensity and conflict, had at last offered him achievement, and through that achievement, peace and a degree of understanding from his fellowmen.

I submit that that kind of writing has the right kind of eloquence, of beauty. Anyhow, read the book. It is a lovely story. Amazing material handled by a writer of fine imagination.

JOHN MACY

Genghis Khan

A Servant of the Mightiest. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate. Brentano's. $2.50.

Genghis Khan. By Harold Lamb. Robert W. McBride and Company. $3.50.

THESE books were bound to come; the only marvel is that their appearance has been so long delayed. In an age when every "colorful" individual, from the most ermine-bedizened prince to the dirtiest ragamuffin, is being hastily slapped between the covers of a book, Genghis Khan could hardly have been overlooked. Each of these volumes is relatively successful. Mrs. Wingate's historical romance is historical enough to serve for a college class, and sufficiently romantic to please strap-hangers and servant girls. The trouble with her book is that it tries to bridge the impassable gap that divides austerity from sentimentality. At times she writes with superb detachment; but more frequently she endeavors to idealize her subject by representing him as a superman who combined the various traits of Torquemada, Napoleon, and Lon Chaney. This attempt to put frills and furbelows around the shaggy neck of her hero causes one to reflect on what would happen if one were to dress up Grendel in a Little Lord Fauntleroy costume, or try to make Vesuvius more impressive by popping firecrackers in its crater. From the many accounts of the great Khan's death, she chooses one "in preference to any other, for the mystic significance which probably underlies it," whereas Mr. Lamb allows the dying warrior to depart after making this plain speech: "It is clear to me that I must leave everything and go hence." She is also fond of breaking her narrative by inserting windy preachments and dissertations on history—in brief, she should read less of Jane Porter and Walter Scott, and more of Dumas.

Mr. Lamb essays a less lofty flight. Basing his compact narrative upon the best authenticated chronicles, he has wisely followed a simple chronicle form; and if his presentation thus seems a bit flat and undramatic, it at least avoids the hectic melodrama, the depressing sprightliness, and the appalling determination to "humanize the subject" that characterize the —so-called—new biographers. Whatever his defects as a modern biographer may be, Mr. Lamb is too wise to try and humanize a man-eating tiger.

Although these two books probably tell as much truth about Genghis Khan as will ever be known, one lays them down speculating on what the grisly old fighter was really like. A transparently simple and primitive soul, probably, and as ruthless and elemental as the sands of the great Gobi Desert whence he sprang. Did such a person ever utter these flamboyant words which Mrs. Wingate puts into his mouth? "Forward! I am Chingiz! In my right hand I carry the flaming sword of justice and at my left hand, as a councillor, rides Death. These are the gifts of the Mightiest Whose servant I am. Praise to the Mightiest Who has answered my prayer! Forward, to the conquest of the world!" Such sentiments smack too much of opera bouffe—they might almost have been spoken by Gilbert's Mikado. There is a more authentic ring in some of the sayings which Mr. Lamb attributes to him. "To crush your enemies, to see them fall at your feet—to take their horses and goods and hear the lamentations of their women. That is best. . . . Get drunk only three times a month. It would be better not to get drunk at all. But who can abstain altogether?"

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His contempt for philosophers, too, is refreshingly pungent. "I have pondered the wisdom of the sages. I see now I have slain without knowledge of what to do rightly. But what care I for such men?" Perhaps a man who had conquered more territory and sent more soldiers to their deaths than any other general who ever lived might have been pardoned for bragging a little; but it seems doubtful whether Genghis Khan cared enough about setting up empires and over-lording the world to be very boastful. No, it was enough to take what he wanted —whether it was a slant-eyed girl, a leopard, or half a dozen mighty nations—and then let crazy fellows who could do nothing but write burden him with such high-sounding names as Mighty Manslayer, Scourge of God, Perfect Warrior, Master of Thrones and Crowns, Emperor of All Men, and so on. It was better to fight just for the fun of seeing blood flow than to lure men to death by emitting fine phrases about making the world safe for the Gobi Desert. And instead of torturing defeated foes by depriving them of their territorial possessions, burdening them with impossible war debts, or causing panics in their stock markets, it was much more dignified to translate them speedily to another world by pouring molten silver in their ears. Genghis Khan was too old-fashioned to enjoy the refinements of cruelty.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books In Brief

The Romance of Villon. By Francis Carco. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

O Rare Ben Jonson. By Byron Steel. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

The problem of making the novelized biography as interesting as fiction and yet as convincing as history is better solved by Mr. Carco than by Mr. Steel. The trouble usually is that we have to hear a great deal about what the subject thought or felt on this or that famous occasion. The bare record of what he did is better. Both of the present authors give us lively books; the first gives us the truer and the more distinguished.

The Three Sitwells. By R. L. Mégroz. George H. Doran Company. $3.

Rather chaotic criticism of an interesting English literary family.

The Search for Atlantis. By Edwin Bjorkman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Mr. Bjorkman in an erudite and entertaining little essay finds Atlantis to be identical with Scheria, the home of Homer's Nausicaa, and in turn with Tarshish or Tartessos.

Builders of the Republic. By Frederic Austin Ogg. *The American Spirit in Art.* By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Charles Rufus Morey, and William James Henderson. Volumes VIII and XII of *The Pageant of America.* Yale University Press.

The excellence of this series is excellently kept up. Mr. Ogg has naturally more difficulty in telling the story of politics in pictures than the authors of the other volume have with painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts. Mr. Mather's account of painting is particularly pungent and full; his record of illustration and caricature especially suits the purpose of the series, which is to describe all past American life.

Harper's Literary Museum. A Mirror of American Manners and Morals from Pocahontas to the days of Dolly Madison. Compiled by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. Harper and Brothers. $4.

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The Diary of a Country Parson, The Reverend James Woodforde. Volume III, 1788-1792. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

The resurrected records and confessions of this hitherto unknown Englishman are here continued in one more inimitably charming volume.

The Indians of North America. Selections from The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Edited by Edna Kenton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $10.

Miss Kenton continues the excellent mining operations she began a year or so ago in the priceless treasures of the "Jesuit Relations." The Indian material here gathered is of course restricted for the most part to the territory east of the Mississippi; but within those limits a very rich yield is achieved.

Pomes Penyeach. By James Joyce. Paris: Shakespeare and Company. One shilling.

The thirteen poems which James Joyce has put together cover a period extending from 1904 to 1924. It was in 1907 that "Chamber Music" appeared and in the years that followed the poet was immersed in his various prose volumes. Poetry, then, was no more than a passing phase with him, a brief flowering of sensitive youth into what was, for him, a sturdier growth and a profounder metier. The few lyric snatches that evolved from his consciousness were (and are) unimportant except in so far as they predicate a disposition enamored of delicate sound and fragile rhythms, for the prime value of Joyce's poetry is implicit in a fastidious arrangement of vocables. Of the thirteen short pieces in "Pomes Penyeach" not more than three are dated to any one year. They are manifestly casual impulses, brief sublimations. Three of them, She Weeps Over Rahoon, On the Beach at Fontana, and Alone, appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* for November, 1917. She Weeps Over Rahoon, with its softly falling pattern, is the best piece in the little book. It is to be suspected that this tiny booklet is a cleaning-up of unconsidered trifles, that it marks the end of Joyce's appearance as a poet, that his poetry hereafter will be found (as most of it has been found in the past) imbedded in his prose.

Black Stream. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

New York society, if one is to believe Edith Wharton and Nathalie Colby, is dark and turbid. The material of Mrs. Colby's book has points of resemblance to "Twilight Sleep." But where Edith Wharton's style flows along lucidly and naturally, Mrs. Colby's is choked by an impressionism that is sometimes interesting, but more often artificial. In "Black Stream" Jim Brazee juggles with Wall Street for the greater glory of his adventuress of a wife, and Dr. Farraday sacrifices his research work and cultivates a fashionable practice that his oldest daughter may buy herself a prince. Lust, greed, and pride of power move most of the characters in the novel. The ugly pessimism of ignoble desires underlies it, rather than the beautiful pessimism of defeated aspirations.

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Here is a whimsical tale of London's Greenwich Village, of Celia from an impeccable, conventional family, of Dicky, a young writer with an impossible Greek name who afterwards becomes world-famous. The book is populated with struggling young artists who throw so many parties and behave in such

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a charming, scatter-brained way that one wonders when they do their work in the world. The love affair of Celia and Dicky is light, gay, irresponsible, and never comes to fruition. Style and atmosphere are correspondingly kittenish. A twist at the end of the book links it neatly to the beginning in a short-story manner. Indeed, "Knock Four Times" would have made an excellent short story if weeded out and compressed. As it stands, it has too much meat on its delicate bones.

Women and the Miners' Lock-Out. By Marion Phillips. London: Labour Publishing Company. 2/6.

Every industrial conflict has its unsung heroes and heroines. This little book is a graphic account of the part women played in the great miners' strike in England. Organized into committees throughout the length and breadth of England, these women raised money to feed and clothe the wives and children of miners. In every imaginable manner, from house-to-house collections to the selling of miners' lamps at auction, was money painfully but persistently collected for relief purposes. Dr. Phillips has given a helpful recitation of how the domestic side of a great economic battle must be handled.

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Lampoons. By Humbert Wolfe. *Kensington Gardens.* By Humbert Wolfe. *Requiem.* By Humbert Wolfe. George H. Doran Company. $1.50 each.

Two reissues and one new volume by an English poet who with "Requiem" is said to have become the most read contemporary poet in his native land. We confess that we do not see why. Mr. Wolfe is nimble and intelligent, but there is less of profundity or even of art in his work than there is of a certain show of these things.

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Music

Music and Its Re-creation

SINCE music is known and meant to be known only through performance, real or imagined, performance itself has grown in importance as its technique has grown in power. Thus, a sufficiently competent conductor can make spurious stuff sound all but genuine, and this only because his command of re-creative technique enables him to create an appearance, in the music, of the significance which the technique would ordinarily be used to emphasize in good music. Occasionally, then, performances of good music or bad are notable, not only for their service to the music, but for the light they throw upon the entire art of re-creating music.

Whatever music conveys it conveys through sound which is articulated by rhythm—i.e., by durations of time and stresses—very much as color is articulated by lines or outlines. The lines or outlines constitute a design in space, the durations and stresses a design in time which, because it is more extended and complicated, and because it is intangible and is revealed in motion, is more difficult to grasp—the design, say, of a phrase which repeats or adds to itself to produce a larger and larger design, or musical form.[1]

It is, then, the job of the performer who actually produces the sounds to make evident the design in which they are arranged, which he does by emphasis, i.e., by distortions of the given durations of time, and by changes of loudness, both similar to those in speech. Where, as in the first movement of Brahms's Fourth, the music does not permit much change in speed, the performer relies on change of loudness; on the other hand, Mengelberg's performance of the first movement of Brahms's Third demonstrates the power, perhaps even the greater power, of change of speed.[2] Within a single phrase he extends the durations of some notes to make the outline of the phrase more definite, of others to indicate the transition to the next phrase, or of the entire set to indicate that it is a more emphatic repetition of the phrase preceding. And having established a slower tempo in this way he retains it as the tempo (to be modified within phrases) of the transitional passage which leads to a new section in a still slower tempo. With this procedure he seems to carve out the shape of the movement as nobody else seems able to do.

On the other hand, the performer may emphasize the mere movement of music,[3] using the changes of speed and loudness for this purpose. In this, their sweep, their waves of motion, lies the greater effectiveness for ordinary listeners of Stokowski's performances of the same Brahms symphonies. And it is a measure of Mengelberg's artistic stature that, incapable of this easy effectiveness, he can instead give interest to the inner logic of the music. He plays the first movement of the Fourth Symphony in a tempo that shocks one at first with its uncustomary deliberateness, unrelieved until a slight but doubly potent acceleration at the end; but holds one taut as he fills out the structural design. This for the first time, one

[1] This, however, should be noted: that design can exist without color as a line drawing, but that rhythm has only a limited effect apart from sound. For example, the significance of a rhythm that is repeated—the mere recognition of the fact that it *is* repeated—depends on the two series of pitches articulated by the repeated rhythm, and varies according to whether the two are identical, slightly different, or entirely different. We have here a reciprocal relation best illustrated by an extreme example: pages of Mozart's or Beethoven's piano compositions are no more than a few chords that would not hold attention if they were not broken up and spaced out in the form of rapid figuration, the rhythmic figures of which in turn would not hold attention if they were not differentiated by the notes of the chords. Here I can only allude to the bearing of all this upon music like Antheil's "Ballet Mécanique," which for its purpose uses only a limited number of noises in rhythmic patterns.

[2] One can try for oneself the experiment of omitting the changes of loudness but retaining the changes of speed: one will hear every change of loudness as an implication of the change of speed. And Moiseiwitsch, in a performance of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, achieves a shattering climax by manipulating time values up to a final distended tempo that implies twice as much force as the sounds actually have.

[3] Since completing the article I have found that Frank Howes, in "The Borderland of Music and Psychology," calls attention to "the close connection between emotion, bodily movement, and the movement of music."

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feels, is the authentic Brahms style, superficially ineffective in its sobriety and architectural solidity; this is great performance, to reveal in such a style its own inherent effectiveness and power. And his, therefore, were the most notable and memorable performances of the seasons in which they were given.

Now a conductor only makes more evident what is already present in the music and, to this extent, self-evident; and even in this he starts with directions from the composer telling him what to emphasize and how. But his technique, like that of the actor, is not exact or approximately exact reproduction; it is deliberate, if discriminating, distortion. Most of his activity consists in repeating a fairly large but nevertheless limited number of accepted masterworks. With each repetition of such a work he feels the insufficiency of previous performances, his own and other conductors': even the same structural relations must be indicated more clearly, and there are newly perceived relations to indicate. Eventually he reaches the point reached, say, by Mengelberg with the Brahms symphonies: he reveals everything there is to be revealed, and makes it as clear as it can be made. But there is no stopping; and going further he obscures the total design with too many details underscored too heavily; and so he ends by ruining the performance as, again, Mengelberg has ruined his performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony. At this point the maximum of effect is achieved by a reversion to the minimum of means; and the listener's ear is held by the simplicity and sublety of say, a Karl Muck.

B. H. HAGGIN.

Drama

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez

THE young season has not yet revealed any new masterpieces of dramatic literature or even any plays likely to be singled out as rich in that rather plentiful commodity called promise, but it has, on the other hand, been more than usually prolific in "hits." Musical shows aside, there are already at least half a dozen productions intended to entertain the more intelligent and less completely exhausted sort of tired business man; they are pretty certain to go on for many months to come, and another—perhaps the best of the lot—has just made its appearance at the National Theater under the title of "The Trial of Mary Dugan." The author is the same Bayard Veiller who made history in the show shops fifteen years ago when "Within the Law" not only set the tone of the crook play but started Jane Cowl on the road to fame, and though it would not do to say that fifteen years have either deepened Mr. Veiller's vision of life or in any way affected the aims of his writing, those years have increased rather than diminished that grasp of popular psychology and that sense for theatrically effective construction which, taken together, make the fortune of the commercial playwright. Few men retain for more than a decade the trick of writing popular successes, but "The Trial of Mary Dugan" seems as good as "Within the Law" once seemed, and since audiences, even if they are no wiser, are at least quite a little more sophisticated than they were in 1912, that means that it is really a good deal better.

Mary is a Follies girl accused of the murder of her "sugar daddy." She has really been his mistress, though that was only in order to supply money for the education of a younger brother who has always thought that he had been left a legacy and—but why tell a gaudily preposterous story when the whole effect of the play depends upon the fact that the spectator becomes so absorbed in the way in which it is told that he forgets to care whether or not it would be credible in any other form? Mr. Veiller has chosen, to begin with, a novel form. His entire action takes place in the court room, the duration of the play is identical with the duration of the trial, the entre-

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acts are only reasonably managed recesses, and even the doorman wears a badge and swings a billy in order to promote the illusion. Reinhardt turned the theater into a cathedral; why should not Mr. Veiller turn it into a supreme court? Such an initial conception is, however, only a beginning; the author's skill is far more impressively demonstrated in his working out of the idea, for not only has he taken full advantage of the dramatic opportunities naturally afforded by the form of a trial but he has, in addition, been remarkably fertile in devising all sorts of unexpected turns of events and in managing various surprising eruptions of action which might conceivably interrupt the formalized procedure of the court. Doubtless it is only in a judge's nightmare than any trial was ever marked by so many unusual incidents or ever ended with the revelation that the attorney for the defense really committed the murder; doubtless any decorum-loving judge who ever had the misfortune to preside over such a trial would, unless he were himself first carried shrieking to Bellevue, sentence all the parties concerned to be boiled in oil or to suffer whatever other penalty he could devise as a fitting punishment for proceedings so little in accord with the sacred atmosphere of the courtroom; but the important fact is that Mr. Veiller has made everything acceptable by the skill with which it has been handled and in particular by adroitly following the sound melodramatic principle that if you can win the confidence of an audience by a reasonable beginning the limit to what it can be made to accept as the action proceeds is set only by the amount of tension which can be generated.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" is superb melodrama which makes, so it seems to me, but one mistake. Perhaps it would have been just as well to fasten the murder upon someone a little less unlikely and hence, in melodrama, a little more unsuspected, than the attorney for the defense. It is true that by the time the revelation is made the audience is excited enough to believe anything, but the fact remains that this particular turn follows the pattern of the mystery play a little too closely, that it is—well, too expectedly unexpected, too tritely novel. That, however, is a very minor point and is much more than made up for by the fact that Mr. Woods, the producer, has given the play one of those unstinted productions which astute managers make when they are perfectly sure they will get their money back. Rex Cherryman is a sympathetic young brother, Ann Harding is so blondly tearful that only a professional prosecutor could possibly imagine her guilty, and Cyril Keightly (as the attorney for the defense) is admirable as one of those handsome, gentlemanly men who speak such good English that most audiences of the sort one finds in New York are secretly pleased to have him turn out not all that he should be.

No less adroit in its own way and destined to hardly less of popular success is the highly entertaining and suavely scabrous comedy "The Command to Love" (Longacre Theater). It deals with some of the embarrassments suffered by a young French military attaché at the court of Spain whose chief function is to make love to the more influential Spanish ladies and who is expected to serve his country *jusqu'au (petit) mort*. It skates continually over thin ice and, occasionally breaking through, it falls—if the paradox be permissible—into hot water. But though translated from the German it is all that "French farce" is generally supposed to be but so seldom is. Nothing more amusingly or tastefully indelicate has been seen here in some time. Basil Rathbone is the patriotic lover and Mary Nash, who gives perhaps the best performance of her career, is so seductive a lady that she makes his duty a pleasure.

For a series of special Tuesday and Thursday matinees the Grand Street Follies company is presenting at the Little Theater "Lovers and Enemies," a tragi-comedy by Artzybasheff previously known in translation simply as "Enemies." It is an interesting piece and would be worth seeing, even if for no other reason, on account of one magnificent piece of acting by Leo Bulgakov and another, almost as remarkable, by Eva Condon.

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